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CONTENTS.

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CONTENTS

P	LGE	P	AGE
Review of the Week	67	Shorter Reviews	78
The Moth and the Moon	68	Fiction	79
A Great National Measure?	68	Thackeray	80
Socialists and the Insur-		The Theatre	82
ance Bill	69	Some New French Books	84
Through France in a		Music	85
Motor—IV	70	A Japanese on the Poet	
Reviews :-		Ressetti	86
Fallacies on Art	72	Pearl of the Orient	87
Stirring Times in Days		From the Waste-Basket	88
of Yore	73	Imperial & Foreign Affairs	89
The Home University	74	Motoring	91
Mahomedan India	75	In the Temple of Mammon	92
The Banda Oriental	76	Correspondence	93
Vague Verses	77	Books Received	94

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, postfree-

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by Messes. Odhams, Limited, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., to whom all letters with reference o publication must be addressed.

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalis and shops.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

There is great rejoicing in the Liberal fold over the result of the West Ham election. In Liberal circles it is thought apparently—now that the election is over—that the fate of the Empire hung in the balance attendant on its result. We are really a little sceptical on this point. We think that the electors of West Ham were won over by the glamour of the Insurance Bill, about the benefits of which better-instructed workmen are profoundly nervous, unless the original draft of unsound Mr. Lloyd George can be hammered into a coherent and cohesive legislative act. The electors of West Ham appear to us to have realised that they had a second string to their bow. Failing the Lloyd Georgian panacea, the Hirsch millions might very reasonably be expected to promote re-afforestation in the purlieus of Hainault.

The reformation of Piccadilly Circus from an architectural point of view, and the alteration of it from its present shape to an "oblong square," as one paper humorously puts it, seems hardly necessary. Half the charm of London is due to its irregularity, and surely a rectangular "place" on strictly geometrical lines, with a statue of King Edward VII. in the centre—such is the proposition before the Westminster City Council—would be a poor substitute for the

present Circus, with its charming centrepiece surrounded by vivid flowers. It is one of the spots to which the exiled Englishman looks back with longing: by day or night it brims with life and colour. Straightened up and prim, it is unimaginable. London is in danger of being mauled about We do not cast any aspersions upon the opening of congested districts; this process is part of the necessary growth of a large city, and may be likened to the thinning-out of a sturdy plant; we complain, rather, of alterations such as the one under consideration, which seem to have small reason beyond the restless craze for change. The relief to the traffic which might occur by the addition of a few square yards of space would hardly compensate for the spoiling of a sight which is worth travelling many miles to see. And, since those in authority invariably get into trouble when they erect a new building or give the city a fresh monument-blessings on our inartistic English souls !-let us be careful before we encourage too heedlessly the reconstruction of a quarter so thoroughly effective from a spectacular standpoint as Piccadilly Circus.

As a matter of fact, Piccadilly Circus, and most of the other busy centres of London, would soon change their appearance very pleasantly if we were favoured with a few more degrees of heat or a few more weeks of the present temperature. We should all be revelling in the café habit. Little tables, bearing cool drinks, would appear under striped awnings; they would encroach upon the pavements, and the eye of the law would wink at the misdemeanour. Continental visitors would no longer grumble at having to sit in hot, airless rooms when their thirst needed satisfying, or at being compelled to make a pilgrimage to Hyde Park if they desired to take lunch in the open. Compared with the state of affairs in New York, our spells of unusual heat are quite tolerable, but a summer such as the present, which bids fair to prove exceptional, always finds the Englishman unprepared. He can hardly believe his senses when the sun shines fiercely upon him for more than two consecutive days. He goes about town wiping his brow, and remarking sapiently that it is hot; his friends wipe their brows in sympathy, and observe that they think it is hotter than yesterday, and that, in their opinion, it will thunder before long. Here and there a genius dons a suit of white; here and there one, with the fine old sea-dog spirit, will brave the desperate adventure and rush off to take tea in Kensington Gardens; but on the whole enterprise is curiously lacking. It needs, probably, another ten degrees. At eighty in the shade we are merely limp; at ninety we should realise that something must be done; things would happen right speedily; we should deck our streets with embroideries of dainty little tables; we should eat, drink, and be merry in the open air. And then, being England, it would rain.

"The Literary Pageant," a shilling volume of stories, verses, and illustrations somewhat on the lines of "Printer's Pie," is published this week by Mr. T. Werner Laurie in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund of the Middlesex Hospital, and is certainly excellent value, if only for the contributions by W. W. Jacobs, William de Morgan, and W. J. Locke. "The Heart at Twenty," by Mr. Locke, is an acute and amusing little study not without its note of pathos. The list of distinguished names in "The Literary Pageant" is much too long to reproduce, but work by Owen Seaman, H. de Vere Stacpoole, and Arthur Morrison—to mention but three more—is sure of a welcome. The illustrations are highly artistic, some of them, in colour, well worth preserving.

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THE MOTH AND THE MOON

The Moth was born by the river's breast,
Born in the sun, with soft, brown wings,
But the sun remembered the ardent West
And sank where the last lark sings.

Shyly the Moon her face unveiled

Fain for the passion and power of night,
And the brave little Moth unsteadily sailed,
So strangely fair was the sight.

But the pale, proud river, whispering, told
Of a Moon deep down in her lucent tide,
And the trembling Moth grew blithe and bold,
Plunged in for a kiss—and died.

Then the Moon forsook her spacious bower,
Dethroned her stately stars, and wept.
On Earth they said "'Tis an evening shower;"
But the listening river laughed, and crept
By meadows and rushes, until it found
The place where the poor, frail Moth lay drowned;
Then laughed again, and slept.

A GREAT NATIONAL MEASURE?

We desire to extend a cordial welcome to the Oxford and Cambridge Review under its new direction. In next week's issue we shall notice its contents generally in a manner worthy of their value.

For the moment the article by Sir William Bull, to whom we have deputed the responsibility of editing a series of articles on the National Insurance Bill for The Academy, arrests our attention. The fairness and weight of the articles which are appearing in this journal have been freely recognised, and these qualities are equally apparent in Sir William Bull's contribution to the Oxford and Cambridge Review. We for our part have observed the utmost reticence in criticism of the National Insurance Scheme.

When the measure was introduced we perceived at once, that it was in effect a draft, but a draft which with patience and goodwill might be moulded into a beneficent enactment. The author of the scheme deserves all possible praise for the labour—and we believe it was a labour of love—which he has bestowed upon it. His conduct of the measure in Parliament has also been correct and courageoùs, as well as conciliatory. We have been compelled to write so many unpleasant criticisms of the Chancellor, that it gives us unfeigned pleasure to bestow praise where praise is due.

A vast scheme such as that we are considering should in effect be riddled with criticism before it is placed on the Statute Book, and we hope sincerely that no desire for haste will be allowed to mar that which may be a fitting memorial of a courageous statesman seen at his best in his most worthy and responsible guise.

Sir William Bull in the Oxford and Cambridge Review handles his theme of State Insurance in relation to Unionism with impartiality and justice. It is quite true that Mr. Disraeli foreshadowed the justice and necessity of such a measure, long before Socialism put forward a catalogue of fantastic demands. Sir William Bull quotes Mr. Disraeli's famous speech at the Crystal Palace in 1872:—

"You know how that effort [the effort of the Tory party to elevate the condition of the people by the reduction of their toil and the mitigation of their labour] was encountered—how these views were met by the triumphant statesmen of Liberalism. They told you that the inevitable consequence of your policy was to diminish capital, and, this again would tend to the lowering of wages, to a great diminution of the employment of the people and ultimately to the impoverishment of the Kingdom."

The ideal of Disraeli—and we know it from his novel "Sybil"—was to improve the condition of the necessitous classes by wise legislation, humane legislation on the leash of solvency. That ideal was scoffed at by a Liberal party of Conservative tendencies, and nothing was done.

The old-age pension scheme—of course on sound contributory lines—was a prominent article of Unionist equipment. Its great champion, Mr. Chamberlain, fought for it through good report and evil report. The Liberals banned the measure, they swore by bell, book and candle they would never touch it. Mr. Chamberlain went on. In the Report of the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor, he was the steadfast adherent of the measure.

The Old Age Pensions system which is now the law is unsatisfactory, it was passed in a hurry to make a legislative show. It is insufficient in amount, and commences too late, the very vices which those who understood the problem from years of labour upon it, predicted. A child could plan a scheme where the entire cost is thrown on the State—the taxpayer. It required the efforts of a statesman and much deliberation to construct a contributory scheme which would provide an adequate pension to commence at a time of life when the recipient might have a prospect of enjoying for some years an adequate provision.

We have dwelt thus on the shortcomings of the Pensions Act, because we do not wish haste and immaturity to be the distinguishing features of the Insurance Scheme.

Sir William Bull writes :-

"My main objection to Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is that it professes to insure the uninsurable, and this as a concession to the Socialist idea for symmetry in State action, for identical treatment of all classes," and he proceeds: "It is of vital importance that the principles which should govern the settlement should be those of Conservative Social Reform, and not those of Socialism."

To that statement of the case we heartily subscribe, and we are not without hope that the Chancellor will display the tact, firmness, and balanced judgment which will result in a great and worthy enactment on those lines being placed on the Statute Book,

CECIL COWPER.

SOCIALISTS AND THE INSURANCE BILL

Many people have formed an impression that Mr. Lloyd George's State Insurance Bill is distinctively a Socialist measure. That the Chancellor of the Exchequer is in sympathy with many of the political ideas commonly called Socialistic is a generally received opinion well warranted by the Chancellor's words and deeds. But vagueness of thought induces many people to regard practically all State regulation of the lives of the working classes which is intended to be beneficial to that class as a form of Socialism. It is manifest, when the subject is considered, that State regulation does not imply a Socialistic conception of the State, and the fact that such regulation mainly concerns the wage-earning class and is beneficent does not alter the distinction between State regulation of action and Socialism.

There is no country in the world where State regulation of the details of the life of the people is carried to a greater extent than in Russia, yet no one would say that Socialism is the guiding principle of the Czardom. In most Continental countries State regulation, most of it with a purpose which is at least ostensibly beneficial, has a wider scope than in this country. Yet generally such State control is independent of any tendency to Socialism, and is regarded with no especial favour by Socialists.

In Britain during the greater part of the nineteenth century the doctrine of laissez-faire was more thoroughly accepted than on the Continent. The system which has been described as "anarchy plus the police constable" came to be regarded as natural and even inevitable. The prophets of the system believed in their plenary inspiration, and, what is more remarkable, induced almost the whole nation to accept their wisdom at the valuation of those who expounded it. Every one who is acquainted with the facts knows well that State and municipal regulation, far-reaching and stringent, was the custom of this country for centuries; and those were the centuries in which the foundations of the nation's greatness were laid. It is no doubt true that the control of manners and customs by authority was sometimes excessive, and any one who is interested in noting the quaint thoroughness with which this control was sometimes brought to bear will find an interesting example in the municipal rules governing the once prosperous town of Kenfig on the Bristol Channel. Kenfig has been buried by the encroaching sand, but its historian has rescued its municipal records, and these, which were published a year or two ago, show how carefully the paternal rulers of the place governed the This is merely one usages of their fellow-townsmen. instance of the long-established and well-recognised condition formerly prevalent throughout the country.

The political theorists of the nineteenth century turned their backs upon the wisdom of their fathers. They preached unrestricted competition, and induced the nation to practise it with results that no one can regard as wholly satisfactory. One of the consequences of their success in imposing their authority on British thought was that it became the habit of most English people to regard any kind of State intervention in social or industrial matters as an innovation, and latterly these "innovations" have generally been regarded as prompted by Socialist propaganda and devised according to Socialist principles.

In order to understand the attitude of Socialists to the National Insurance Bill, the essential difference between State regulation and the nationalisation of all wealth must be borne in mind. It seems at a first glance that Socialists should have welcomed Mr. Lloyd George's plan. It must be

owned that the preachers of fraternity à outrance are a carping race and prone to ingratitude. This is an interesting point in Socialist psychology which has not hitherto been explained. But it must also be admitted that Socialists are not really under an obligation to acclaim the Chancellor's Insurance Bill with panegyrics. It does indeed recognise a responsibility on the part of the State towards wage-earners who are sick and workmen who are unemployed, but such a recognition is a reversion to the old British conception of the duties of society and the scope of public authority rather than an admission that private property ought to be socialised.

The oldest Socialist body in the country is the Social Democratic Party, formerly the Social Democratic Federation. Under the leadership of Mr. Hyndman the Social Democratic Party has persistently stood for what may be called the high-and-dry Socialism of the old school. Socialists who have departed from orthodoxy and do not consider themselves bound by the doctrines originally delivered to the disciples of Marx are prone to speak slightingly of the S.D.P. as a bigoted and unprogressive sect, but it is only fair to admit that Mr. Hyndman's organisation represents Socialism as it is understood by the great majority of Continental Socialists, and is consistent in its adherence to original Socialist principles which less zealous comrades have prudently abandoned under stress of attack. The organ of the S.D.P. is Justice, and the attitude of Justice to the National Insurance Bill may be gathered from the following passages in a recent issue :-

Mr. Lloyd George is to be congratulated on the universal chorus of approbation with which his scheme of invalidity and unemployment insurance has been received by all parties. We regret not to be able to join in the chorus; but we regret still more that Labour representatives and Socialists should have done so. That Liberals and Tories—who deplore destitution and misery as much as any one can, and who would do anything to relieve it (at no expense to themselves); who believe in providing everybody with nice omelettes without breaking any egge, and who profess a "kind of Socialism" which, while it "will make the poor richer, will not make the rich poorer"—that these should hail Mr. George's scheme with delighted approval is easily understood. But that Socialists, who must know that such aims are illusory and unattainable, should join with them is incomprehensible.

At their very best any such schemes of insurance as that now before us have the fatal demerit that they deal with effects and not causes. They are "palliatives" in the worst sense, in that they are designed to palliate and make tolerable the existing social order; they are not steppingstones to something better, or aids to enable the working class to strive more effectually for something better. On the contrary, they are intended to strengthen, consolidate and perpetuate the system of exploitation by tempering its worst evils, and thereby to make exploitation bearable for the exploited. Briefly, they are not merely not Socialism, they are anti-Socialist in their design and intention, and are characteristic of the difference between social reform and Socialism—or, rather, between the social reform which makes for Socialism and that which makes against it.

The present scheme, as it stands, is a deadly, and probably a deliberate, blow at trade union organisation. It is at once a final surrender of the principles of luissez-faire Liberalism, a concession to Socialist agitation, and a deliberate attempt to head back Social Democracy.

The Social Democratic Party stands for Socialism as it first appeared among us. The Fabian Society represents Socialism at the end of the process of evolution to which it has been subjected in this country. The Fabians, as every-

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body knows, are not noisy revolutionaries; they use the flexible weapon of statistics and gather proselytes in the class-room rather than at the street-corner. But the Fabian Society is as much opposed to the National Insurance Bill as the Social Democratic Party. At the annual Conference held last week the Society passed a resolution in the following terms:—"That, whilst this Conference would welcome the introduction of a measure dealing rationally with maternity, sickness, and unemployment, it considers the Bill now before Parliament ought to be opposed." The use of the word "rationally" in this connection appears to be an unkindness which Mr. Lloyd George might well regard as weaton.

The Socialism of the Independent Labour Party is neither that of the Social Democratic Party nor that of the Fabians. It is in the main Socialism seen through Trade Union spectacles, and Socialism thus apprehended is a tendency rather than a principle. The Independent Labour Party is politically the most powerful of the Socialist organisations, and it is as critical with regard to the National Insurance Bill as its kindred bodies. The organ of the Independent Labour Party is the Labour Leader, and on the first occasion when it had an opportunity of discussing the Bill the paper contained a leading article which damned the Chancellor's scheme with faint praise and certain other articles which condemned it outright. Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P., was permitted in this connection to offer observations on Mr. Lloyd George's capacity as a statesman which were exceptionally acrid, even allowing for the acerbity with which Socialists usually write. In subsequent articles the Labour Leader continued to publish articles hostile to the Government's plan, and prominent in opposition to it was Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., who represents a large section of Christian Socialists. Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., has also risen to testify against Mr. Lloyd George's scheme. Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., has some encouragement to offer to Mr. Lloyd George, but his approval is tempered by criticism, and he writes significantly: "I was glad to hear the Chancellor say that the measure would help to alleviate the suffering due to poverty 'until the advent of the complete recovery.' I presume he meant Socialism by this." Mr. Hardie, therefore, supports the plan rather because he thinks it is leading towards Socialism than because he accepts it on its merits. Moreover, the Independent Labour Party has formally pledged itself to support a non-contributory scheme, and in relation to Friendly Societies the Labour Leader recently gave prominence to the assertion that the Chancellor's Bill "destroys them for ever."

The Clarion is the organ by which Mr. Blatchford exerts his still commanding influence on the Socialist movement, and recently Mr. Victor Grayson has been allowed to voice the policy of the Clarion. Mr. Grayson abounds in invective, and the Insurance Bill has called forth all his fecundity. Writing on the Bill, he tells us-"The worker is to pay for his own political and economic undoing, half the amount directly and the other half indirectly." It need hardly be said that such a text gives the author of it an excellent opportunity for strong and long denunciation, and the Clarion, like the Labour Leader, has continued to publish articles vehemently condemning Mr. Lloyd George's proposals, and attributing to the Government an intention to deal fraudulently with the working class. If we turn to the New Age we find that the National Insurance Bill has had a similar reception in its pages. The New Age is a weekly review written for the Socialist "intellectuals," and it expresses the opinions current among those who pass into the Socialist movement from the world of art, science, and letters. Dealing with the Chancellor's Bill, the New Age declares that it is "mainly concerned in seeing the measure die." The Ministerial scheme, according to this organ of Socialism, is likely to

destroy Trade Unionism. The New Age further asserts that "no single economist in England has approved" the Bill, and believes that the policy of Mr. Lloyd George will accelerate the progress of the nation towards "the Servile State." With full justification the New Age claims that it has done its best "to demonstrate the defects of the most humiliating, improvident, and unstatesmanlike Bill ever presented to Parliament for consideration."

One of the organs of the Socialist extremists—the Socialist Standard—describes the Insurance Bill as "the Liberal party's bold bid for popular favour and cunning attempt to beat the Labour party at its own treacherons game." In fact, opinion among all sects of Socialists is practically unanimous in condemning the Government's scheme. One need not pay much heed to the argument that the Insurance Bill tends to reconcile the mass of wage-earners to the Servile State. Socialism, whether it contemplates administration by State officials or by elected Committees, must involve servility for the individual; a slavery none the less crushing and unbearable because those imposing it would claim beneficent motives and ideals; and it is unlikely that Socialists are really alarmed by a menace to freedom.

The strength of the Socialist opposition to Mr. Lloyd George's scheme lies in the resolve which is steadfast throughout the movement that the State shall pay. The workman is not to contribute to benefits which he is to receive; the entire burden is to be thrown upon the community as a whole. It is well that the Socialist attitude should be so clearly defined in this connection. Many people suppose that they can give a vague support to Socialism in the hope that it may be used to ameliorate the conditions of the poorer class without committing the Legislature to the principles of Communism, but that is a mistake. Kindly people who allow themselves to lapse into loose thinking should realise that Socialism means the abolition of private property. If they assist Socialists, they are in fact assisting not such measures as the National Insurance Bill, but the cause of "the Social Revolution."

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR-IV.

By FRANK HARRIS

LET us begin to visit the Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy in the kitchen. It was designed and built about the middle of the fifteenth century, and in its spacious, unadorned simplicity affords an excellent image of the time. A great flagged place on the ground floor, fully 40ft. square; this square surrounds a smaller square, which is really a large groined vault, rising from eight columns. The centre runs up 40ft. or 50ft., and is open to the sky to let the smoke out. In each of the four sides is a vast chimney large enough to roast an ox or boil vegetables enough for a regiment. But fine cooking too was known in the fifteenth century, and between these plain fireplaces we see the marks of two great furnaces, no doubt specially adapted for preparing sauces and baking the smaller dishes. The place too can be traced where the great warming-table stood. Here the chief cook sat throned on his chaière, whence he could oversee and command his twenty-five cooks with all their attendant valets—portiers, souffleurs, and happe-lopins, or turnspits—to say nothing of the host of maids and marmitons for menial services.

From the kitchen we go up to the great Salle des Gardes,

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just noticing on the way the splendid staircase, which dates from the early half of the eighteenth century. The guard-room is a superb room, nobly proportioned and well lighted: it is, perhaps, 90ft. long by 35ft. broad and as many high. In the great windows are stone seats where the officers used to sit and amuse their leisure by watching the crowd in the courtyard below. The first thing in the room to catch the eye is the great chimney-piece, which was built in 1504. It is the most magnificent Gothic chimney-piece in the world; it needs a photograph to give an idea of the simplicity of the chimney itself, and the effect of the massive slabs of unadorned stone contrasting with the elaborate richness of the ornamentation above, which runs up nearly to the ceiling. The exquisite curves and spires make one think that the stone itself has blossomed into flower.

But the room is not so extraordinary as what it contains. All these Dukes of Burgundy, from Philip the Bold to Charles the Reckless (Téméraire), were of their time, and went about with the constant preoccupation of death. The same obsession which gave birth to the beautiful monuments in the church of Brou came in the tombs of these Burgundian princes to still more magnificent utterance. 1383 Philip the Bold established the Chartreuse (monastery) de Champmol. The word chartreuse comes from chartre, which means a prison, or place of confinement, and is therefore intimately, if half-unconsciously, associated with that last prison of the grave. This Chartreuse of Champmol was built by Philip in middle life as a setting for his own tomb, to be used meantime as an oratory, or place of prayer. It has now been turned into a lunatic asylum. But the Gothic gate is still to be seen, and the tower and porch of the oratory, where later the tombs were placed. To give his ideas form Philip brought artists from Flanders-Jean de Marville and others, and, above all, Claus Sluter, who worked for him from 1385 till his death in 1406. Philip's tomb was completed in this period. Half a century later John the Fearless and his wife, Margaret of Bavaria, had a tomb built for themselves on the same pattern, though These are the two greatest still more richly decorated. monuments in the world inspired by death.

Imagine an oblong of black marble some 12ft. long by 8ft. broad and over 5ft. high. On this sarcophagus the white marble effigy of the Duke lies as if he had just died. His feet rest on a lion and his head on a cushion between two angels, who kneel behind him with outspread wings and hold his helmet. All round the sides runs a sort of cloister, with figures in alabaster enclosed in little columned niches. The tomb of John the Fearless and his wife Margaret is a little longer and broader, but not quite so high; the figures of husband and wife are placed side by side. In all other respects the two great monuments are alike. certain honest realism in the presentment of these royal persons. Every detail of the costume is exact. The fingers Yet, in spite of John and his wife are covered with rings. of the realism, there is a great dignity in these marble figures-partly, of course, the dignity of the suggestion of death, partly the dignity which always lies in immobility.

But it is the little statues underneath which form the wonder of these tombs. Here the sculptors have let themselves go and pictured the world of men as they saw them. Side by side are bishops and deacons, monks and knights, fat men and lean, free-livers and students—all sorts and conditions of people. Here you can study not only the faces and occupations of the men who lived five hundred years ago, but the petty details of dress and ornament; the shape and substance of brooches, bracelets, rings; the form too of books and the silver used in Church services down to the big red beads of the rosaries; the figure of the sacristan who is thrusting his book into its leathern bag is a masterpiece of

observation. In fact each tomb is a sculpture-gallery; and they both stand now one after the other in this wonderful Salle des Gardes of the ancient palace. I cannot help wishing they were still in the Chartreuse de Champmol; but men are slow to learn that beautiful things should be seen in the place designed for them.

It is sadder still to notice that the tombs have been greatly damaged. Many of the figures were defaced, some broken up, in the Revolution. It was resolved entirely to destroy "these monuments of despots" and convert them into "emblems of liberty and equality." It was only the piety of some art-lovers that rescued these wonderful monuments for our admiration.

There are in this Salle des Gardes three other pieces of primitive work which deserve study. They are three enormous Gothic retables of carved wood, gilded and painted; two of these are the work of Jacques de Baerze and were executed in 1391 to the order of Philip for the oratory of his great Chartreuse. These retables are each about 16ft. long by 6ft. or 7ft. high; the upper part is taken up with Gothic architecture, while the lower part presents scenes from Biblical history. Though much damaged and badly restored, they are probably the finest wood-carvings in existence. On the back of one of them a Dutch artist has painted the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Presentation in the Temple, and the Flight into Egypt There is still another Gothic retable, in five panels, in this room, which was brought from the Abbey of Clairvaux; it belongs to the first half of the fifteenth century and is in excellent condition.

Before leaving the tomb of Philip I ought to have noticed that two of the alabaster figures on it were sculptured by Claus Sluter himself; for he is really the greatest primitive sculptor of whom we have any record. His best works are still to be seen in the Chartreuse of Champmol: the Portal of the church and the Well of Moses, or the Well of the Prophets as it perhaps should be called. The Portal is the earlier work, and shows astounding courage and the astounding reverence for art in that age. On the left side of the great door is a statue of Philip himself kneeling with his patron saint, John the Baptist, behind him; on the right side is the stone presentment of his wife Margaret, escorted by St. Catherine. The Duke's face, with the heavy rudder-nose, strong jaw, and prominent, square chin, is plainly taken from life, and the sculptor has put in the lines and wrinkles with pitiless honesty. No ideal presentment this, but the real man, of dominant, hot passions and purposeful persistence. Sluter has dared more even than this-he has ventured to represent the Duchess, who was renowned for her ugliness, as realistically as the Duke. There she is, the moult noble et crueuse dame, with her harsh, coarse features; and right opposite to her, in the middle of the Portal, a lovely Virgin, by way of contrast.

It was an age of faith, if you like, but it was therefore an age of truth, when the artist was encouraged to depict his patrons as they really lived and moved. The modern journalist, on the other hand, who believes in nothing beyond his dinner, endeavours to please the great by flattering them ignobly to their faces as the happy possessors of all the graces and all the virtues.

The statue of the Virgin and Child in this Portal seems to be regarded as Sluter's masterpiece, but I prefer his later work, though this is very fine. I was struck particularly by the naïve realism of the Virgin's pose; the figure thrown back from the hips, as if to balance the weight of the Child. The naturalism of the pose lends a touch of life to the ideal beauty of the Virgin's face.

Near the chapel is the greatest monument of this fourteenth century to be found in the world—the great Well of Moses, which is wholly the work of Claus Sluter. The Well

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is some 25ft. in diameter, in the middle of it a pedestal, which was once crowned with a great stone crucifix. The pedestal is still to be seen, decorated with statues of Moses, David, Jeremiah, Zachariah, Daniel, and Isaiah. These figures alone would be sufficient to place Sluter among the great sculptors of the world. He worked before any of the Florentine masters, before Michelangelo or Donatello-without assistance from antique models—yet he reached, I think, a higher form of art and certainly a more modern and intimate form than any of the great Italians. For these prophets of Claus Sluter are living men and something more. He went about for years filled with reverence for their Biblical characteristics and then caught from life features and gestures to express them; again and again he has found a fine artistic symbol for his feeling. For instance, Sluter pourtrays Moses in all majesty as the prophet who descended from Sinai; the rays of light on his forehead are shown as horns; in his right hand are the Tables of the Law. David, on the other hand, is an Oriental monarch with large face and short beard, and hair standing out underneath his French crown; in his right hand a harp. He has a look of ineffable, self-satisfied content on his fat face. By way of contrast, Jeremiah is presented as a little man without beard or moustache, absorbed in reading a great book held in his right hand. The variety of life in these different figures is amazing, and would do honour to an observer of

In order to classify Sluter let us measure him with one of the greatest of modern sculptors. We have in this museum of Dijon two studies of the Christ—one by Rude and the other by Sluter. A casual glance shows the superiority of the early master. The Christ of Rude is simply the head of an Adonis with features a little sharpened; the expression is rather of weariness than of pain. Take away the crown of thorns and it would be impossible to divine whom the face was intended to represent.

The Christ of Claus Sluter is a masterpiece. The thorns are treated in so broad a way that they take on the semblance of a real crown, and give an air of breadth and majesty to the upper part of the face. The almost closed eyes, on the other hand, with the raised eyeballs and the half-opened mouth, are the perfect artistic symbol of mortal agony. The contrast between the majesty of the broad brow and crown and the swooning face gives one some idea of Sluter's achievement. There is more than a suggestion of the double nature of Jesus in this masterpiece, and, strangely enough, the complex expression is intensified by the defacements-the chippings and stains-of time. To say that Sluter's work is incomparably better than the work of Rude is still inadequate praise. This head of Christ is in sculpture what the head of Christ by Fra Argelico, in the Convent of St. Mark, is in painting—a thing unique and wonderful, conceived in love and reverence, of an intense

Henceforth to me Claus Sluter is one of the masterspirits of all time. There is the most sincere realism in his portraits of the people he knew, such as the Duke Philip and his wife; an astonishing knowledge of life and the differences of character in his presentment of Moses and the Prophets; a fine sense of beauty in his Virgin and Child, and in the noble design of his Portal and Well, and, finally, an extraordinary divination and reverence in his Christ. One of the great creative artists was Claus Sluter.

Some day or other, when I have leisure to spend in Dijon, I shall try to find out something more about the man whom Philip the Bold praised for "les bons et agréables services qu'il lui a fait et lui fait chaque jour." This bold, free-living Duke, too, who loved the daring sculptor must have been worth knowing. It takes some greatness in the patron to recognise greatness in the artist.

REVIEWS

FALLACIES ON ART

Latent Impulse in History and Politics. By R. N. BRADLEY, B.A. (Murray and Evenden. 6s. net.)

MR. BRADLEY is puzzled because, as he says, "you can talk Socialism, evolution, criticism with your friend, and he will prove everything and bring to it the best of intelligence, yet in the thing upon which you think he would want to be sure of his ground [religion] he stops you at the first trench." This attitude towards religion strikes the author as very curious. He inquires of himself whether it be "weakness and cowardice," or whether it be due "to the blind spot on the retina." "Here you are," he seems to say, "holding to some religious system or other. You admit that this system is of the most vital importance—according to you it is the one subject of importance—and yet you are unwilling to discuss it, to prove it, and to search it to its very roots at any moment with anybody who likes to put the matter to you."

Well; it seems to me that Mr. Bradley's enigma, when clearly expressed, resolves itself. Religion is of the most vital interest; therefore it is not a matter to be openly and freely discussed at any time with anybody. If Mr. Bradley were to meet a Justice of the High Court who had just sentenced a man to death, or given judgment in a civil cause of the highest consequence, it is highly improbable that the said Judge would welcome open and free discussion of his sentence or of his judgment. The Justice might be lively about lawn-tennis, communicative on cricket, talkative on tactics; but if he were asked some question as to the great case over which he had presided it is likely that he would lapse into determined silence. The matter proposed would affect him too nearly and too vitally to be discussed at all; its very importance banishes it to the regions of silence and reserve.

Mr. Bradley explains his own difficulty by saying that religion is a matter not of the head, but of the heart. This is not true; religion is a matter both of head and of heart; it has employed the whole intelligence of some of the greatest intellects that have ever existed. Still, in the suggestion of "heart" there is a certain grain of truth on which I will presently comment. But the question is a much more complicated one than Mr. Bradley seems to believe. There is in the first place the general principle that has been already stated; the greater the importance of any matter, the less its suitability for off-hand discussion. Patriotism is highly important: so important that men innumerable have confirmed by experiment the dictum that it is sweet and comely to die for country. Soldiers and sailors are the people most nearly interested in this question; but Mr. Bradley, if he be wise, will not go up to captain or to soldier or to sailor and ask them if they think there is any real sense in this fighting business of theirs, or in their archaic profession of being ready to die for King and country. It is probable that such an interrogation would rouse feelings of considerable irritation in the hearts of those addressed. Their dulce et decorum dogma is too important to be investigated by them. Then, apart from the importance of a topic, there is the reason of the heart, to which the author has himself pointed. As I should prefer to put it, religion is an age-old instinct; it has represented a craving which is in the very nature of man; it is in the spiritual or ideal world what the gratification of natural desires is in the sensible world. A thirsty man will drink, a cold man will do his best to get warm; it is only persons of the

highest "scientific" education who, parched with thirst, would welcome the suggestion that red pepper was what they really want. No man will gladly suffer his instincts to be opposed; hence another reason for the general dislike of free discussion of religious dogmas. And here it may be remarked by the way that, when Mr. Bradley speaks of discussion, he apparently means one man saying to another, "Your religious beliefs are ridiculous and out of date."

There are still further reasons for the reluctance to admit incredulous and scoffing strangers into the inmost places of one's heart. Firstly, these places are inmost and intimate; unless, under very special circumstances, it is indecent to talk of them with any man. Coventry Patmore, that master of wisdom, has demonstrated the analogies that exist between things above and things below; it is sufficient to say here that all lovers have secrets which are not for free discussion. And, in the last place, a man certainly "wants to be sure of his ground" where the faithfulness of his wife is concerned; but I believe that if Mr. Bradley carry out his own logic, and propose to argue this point with any individual man, and (to use his own phrase) expect that that man will discuss the question "without heat," then Mr. Bradley will find that there is a flaw in his ratiocinative processes.

Turning to another page in the book, I come upon the following passage:-

The tendency of peoples and individuals to busy themselves with arts, plays, games, and music is a strange thing in a world of utility, and much labour has been spent on its explanation.

Mr. Bradley suggests that, in the first place, the survival of the artistic tendency is in itself a proof that it is by no means useless; and secondly, he seems to adopt Schiller's explanation that play is a school for the struggles of life; and thirdly, he affirms that play and art, "the child of play, are the result of a superabundance of energy and motive power."

Now, I should very much like to have Mr. Bradley's definition of the word "utility," as used by him in the phrase "a world of utility." Does he mean that history as a whole shows that the sole aim of humanity is to satisfy its animal instincts either under crude or under refined conditions? Apparently he does mean this; and, if so, he is defining the world in terms which are directly opposed to the whole facts of the case. Either the united vices of gluttony, profligacy, and avarice make up the ideal man or they do not; we know that they do not; we know that a man who devoted his entire being to these three ends would be an unnatural monster; perhaps the worst man that ever lived has done better than this. So the world is not "a world of utility" at all; the phrase is mere nonsense; the man that the author conceives as normal has no existence, and if he could exist he would not be a man, but a sort of impossible tertium quid or monster, suspended in a void between the sphere of men and the sphere of the brutes, devoting the human intelligence to the securing of the ends which are of sole importance to the wild hog, the ape, and the mountain goat. This equation of the world with utility being shown to be nonsense, it is hardly worth while discussing the proposition that the arts existing, they must serve utility. I would only observe that I should like to see a demonstration of the suppressed premise-" everything that exists is useful "-and also that I have never seen a more pitiable defence of Art than this: that it helps in the struggle for life; in other words, that the exploiter of his weaker brethren, pacing the National Gallery or reading Homer, goes forth on his daily task of infamy and oppression strengthened and enabled for his work. Taking a milder example, it may be said once for all that the great poets and musicians and painters of the

ages did not execute masterpieces and operate marvels that Tom, Dick, and Harry might earn an honest living and all be able to buy warm great-coats for the cold weather: I dare not justify the Odyssey by saying that Nausicaa has helped baby to get a fortnight at the sea.

Now for this doctrine that art is a superabundance of energy-that is to say, that the material, or merely hoggish and goatish, good having been provided for, a man finds time hang heavy on his hands, and, for want of anything better to do writes, paints, carves masterpieces. Now, if this were true, we should expect to find the artistic graces most strongly developed in the men of action, the men of affairs, the men of politics. But, as a matter of fact, this is not the case; the almost universal rule is that the supreme artist devotes his life to his art. Napoleon did not utilise his between-battle times to the composition of masterpieces of any description, and from his admiration for "Ossian" we may probably deduce an entire absence of even the critical faculty. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that art is the result of superabundance of energy and motive power. It is, doubtless, like everything else, the result of energy; but of an energy of its own order; it is not created by that reserve of force which remains over to a man after his appetite has been satisfied and his back clothed. In fact, Mr. Bradley's theory is the complementary fallacy to the doctrine of the late Professor Lombroso, who held that art was a kind of by-product of disease; an odd growth, as it were, that might sprout from the roots of epilepsy, or flourish in congenial company with the bacillus of tuberculosis.

For the one theory as for the other there is just as much to be said-that is, nothing at all. As for the equation of art with play; that, too, is false. Not wholly false, since at certain points the two spheres of art and play intersect and join together; though there is little that is sportive in the "Œdipus Tyrannus" and "King Lear," each is called a "play;" the word finding its appropriateness in the fact that the action of the drama is thus distinguished from the action of life. But art and play are by no means to be identified on this account, since the object of art is the creation of beauty; and in the majority of cases play aims at nothing of the kind. Sophocles, if you like, was "playing" when he wrote his tremendous drama, and the man who calls for the box of dominoes at the café is also "playing," but it is clear that there is nothing to be gained by founding any argument on this one word used to express two things which are utterly different.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

STIRRING TIMES IN DAYS OF YORE

Recollections of a Parisian (Docteur Poumiès de la Siboutie)
Under Six Sovereigns, Two Revolutions, and a Republic
(1789-1863). Edited by his Daughters, Mesdames A.
Branche and L. Dagoury. Translated from the French
by Lady Theodora Davidson. (John Murray. 10s. 6d.
net.)

The author of "Recollections of a Parisian" must have been a minute observer of the events which happened during his lifetime, and, glancing at the title of his work, one will readily understand what an interest it presents. For in it we find, as described by one who was a witness of the facts alluded to, many curious sidelights thrown on certain phases of French history too well known to be mentioned here. These memoirs, of which Lady Theodora Davidson has given us an English version, are in truth sometimes inexact as to the facts dealt with; but that could hardly have been avoided, as they convey the impression of having been noted by the author without further research to ascertain whether

the renderings of the stories he thus transcribed were correct or not. His book is, in short, an agreeable bavardage, brightly written, containing many amusing anecdotes, for Dr. Poumiès certainly possessed the knack of telling "a good story." His profession brought him into contact with the leading personalties of his time, and being by nature—so we gather from his work—an interested spectator of the tragi-comedy called Life, he has thoughtfully recorded the traits or events which he believed might prove particularly entertaining for future generations.

Docteur Poumiès begins by giving a detailed description of his family, and in doing so exposes the situation in France at the eve of the First Revolution; and he thus gives some curious details as to the nature of the effervescence reigning amongst the rural population at that period. He also gives some amusing information as to the ways of living of simple, well-to-do people, and he says: "The food was coarse but abundant. It consisted of rye and maize bread, chestnuts, radishes, and roots; meat was seldom seen, except on special high days and holidays. Butter was so little used that a sister of my grandfather, who died at the age of ninety, told me in 1832 that she had never tasted any!"

When speaking of the execution of Marie-Antoinette, he quotes the words of a lady of rank, who, as he quaintly expresses it, "rose from the lowest rung of the ladder to the high station she afterwards adorned":—

The Queen was quite alone in a market-cart between Sanson and his assistants. Her hands were tied behind her back. She wore a white camisole, and a cap on her head, which had been tied on crooked (!) She reached the Place de la Révolution by way of the Rue Royale, and was driven right round it to the guillotine, which was erected on the spot where the obelisk now stands. She was as white as a sheet, and trembled so that she had to be helped out of the cart. She was lifted rather than assisted on to the scaffold. Sanson tore off her cap, and in a moment all was over.

The Empire furnished Dr. Poumiès with the subject of one of the most interesting chapters of his work, abounding in curious anecdotes and remarks. He describes the climax of Napoleon's popularity, the extraordinary brilliancy of his Court, and the frenzied enthusiasm with which the people welcomed the news of the King of Rome's birth. We soon see, however, thanks to Dr. Poumiès' records, that the favour Napoleon enjoyed with the population of France began to diminish as his insatiable demands for recruits continued to augment, and the author of "Recollections of a Parisian" makes even the following statement:—

A curious characteristic of that epoch was the great number of hunchbacks and cripples to be seen amongst the students. Conscription, the volunteer service, and the military schools monopolised the flower of our young men, leaving behind only the weak and sickly, whose physical disadvantages unfitted them for service. It may be said, in passing, that this influence exercised great influence on the population of France. The sons of those men inherited the disabilities of their fathers, and manly beauty and height suffered perceptible diminution. The standard of the army has several times been lowered.

After having successively dealt with the Restoration and the reign of Louis-Philippe, during which there was a severe epidemic of cholera, of which Dr. Poumiès in his quality of physician gives a striking description; after having retraced the principal events of 1848, our author next turns his attention to the Presidency of Louis-Napoléon. But although giving many anecdotes of the President, he omits to speak of the Coup d'Etat of December 2nd, 1852,

and passes to an account of the entry of the Emperor into Paris. In conclusion he declares—

This day of rejoicing has been one of the gayest Paris has ever seen. . . . I must admit that even the dissentients, who would have preferred a President to an Emperor, were quite ready to agree that the Government of Louis-Napoléon was the only one that offered a fair prospect of peace and comfort.

Alas! the words of Dr. Poumiès were to be brutally contradicted in the near future!

The "Recollections of a Parisian" form a delightful volume which we are sure will meet with as much appreciation from those thoroughly versed in French history as by those who ignore certain details of some political events of the last century. It is all the more captivating because written quite simply, without affectation or search after style or effect. The personality of the author can always be felt in his annotations, and is most sympathetic, for he possessed both wit and humour, if we may be permitted to judge by this short entry in his diary—

March, 1855. I have just published a small volume of poems called "Les Moments Perdus." In a dedication addressed to my friends and colleagues I wrote—"I dispense you from either acknowledging this little work, thanking me for it, reading it, or even discussing it with me."

Shall not these lines be the best witness of the original character of M. Poumiès de la Siboutie, and do they not, indeed, give one a desire of reading the work of such a remarkably modest author?

THE HOME UNIVERSITY

The Opening Up of Africa. By SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.Sc., F.Z.S.

Medizeval Europe. By W. H. Davis, M.A., Author of "Charlemagne," "England Under the Normans and Angevins," &c.

Mohammedanism. By Professor D. S. Margoliouth, M.A., D.Litt., Author of "Mohammed and the Rise of Islam,"

The Science of Wealth. By J. A. Hobson, M.A., Author of "Problems of Poverty," "The Industrial System," &c.

Health and Disease. By W. LESLIE MACKENZIE, M.D., Local Government Board, Edinburgh.

Introduction to Mathematics. By A. N. WHITEHEAD, Sc. D. F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "Universal Algebra."

The Animal World. By PROFESSOR F. W. GAMBLE, D.Sc., F.R.S., Author of "Animal Life."

Evolution. By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., and PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES, M.A., Authors of "The Evolution of Sex," &c.

Liberalism. By Professor L. T. Hobhouse, M.A., Author of "Democracy and Reaction."

Crime and Insanity. By Dr. C. A. MERCIER, F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., Author of "Text-book of Insanity," &c.

THERE was never a day in which there was less reason for any man to remain in ignorance of the main matters of interest in the world. In "Every Man" the choice of the world's reading has been made accessible at the modest price of a shilling. A short while ago Messrs. Williams and Norgate issued the first ten volumes in their new venture

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mi " S of placing original copyright monographs on matters of universal interest by specialist authors at the disposal of readers at that same price. We shall soon begin to look askance at any volume that demands a larger payment, for here, now, is the second ten, which in themselves cover a sufficiently wide scope of interest, but in connection with the earlier ten form the basis of a home university indeed. The choice of that title was bold; but it has been more than indemnified.

In this day of emigration Africa is attracting increasing attention. Canada and Australia are losing some of their glamour; while the interests in Africa are in the ascendant, particularly Rhodesia and Uganda, which, as Sir Harry Johnston says in his volume, "The Opening up of Africa," he, with Sir Alfred Sharpe and Mr. A. J. Swann, supported by the great Cecil Rhodes, endeavoured to link up; but failed in that endeavour owing to the interposition of Germany. No better or more competent man could have been chosen for the subject. He would have been better advised, we think, had he treated it in rather a less recondite way. Still, it is wonderful what he covers. His book sketches from prehistoric times to the present day, where so much of it has been painted red, in accordance with Rhodes' ambition. In the historical field Mr. W. H. Davis' name needs no introduction. He and Professor Oman are probably the two modern Englishmen most fitted to speak of the Middle Ages. In so short a review as this is, it is, of course, impossible to treat his volume on "Mediæval Europe" as fully as it deserves, or as we should have liked to have done. So praise must suffice in the stead of analysis. Those who know the subject will wonder how it could possibly be treated in 60,000 words. Yet it has been done; not only have all the essentials met their due, but the whole atmosphere of the time has been conveyed in a wonderful way. Its value is increased by the fact that there seems to have been no volume on this vital subject accessible at a reasonable price.

One of the features in this library is the fact that each subject is treated by its most competent authority in England, There is no one more fully equipped for a treatment of "Mohammedanism" than Professor Margoliouth. He is the Professor of Arabic at Oxford, and is the author of an exemplary, if too unappreciative, book of Mahomet. In his present book he traces the military conquests of Mohammedanism, and analyses carefully and fully its theory, practice, its sects and orders, and its literature and art. In The Science of Wealth" Mr. Hobson has a subject that many of his readers would desire to speak more competently on from experience; failing which they will turn to Mr. Hobson, and discover that it is not personal wealth he is thinking of at all, but the distribution, structure, and purport of the wealth of a nation. It is, in fact, a study in economics. Within its limits it is an excellent book. Its faults are the faults of its subject, which is at best a choplogical one. "Health and Disease" is an important theme, and, again, it is in adequate hands. How it avoids the mere platitudes of hygiene, and strikes deeply into the true philosophy of its subject, will appear from the titles of its two opening chapters, which are "What is Health?" and "The Causes of Death." "Overcrowding and the Structrue of the Home" he treats of carefully; as also the important subject of "Immunity."

We wonder how many will be able to follow Mr. Whitehead through his "Introduction to Mathematics." It caused us to furbish up the odd corners of our neglected mathematical education, and finally left us gasping. In his "Symbolism of Mathematics" we glowed; as also in his "Trigonometry." But the Conic Sections and the Differential Calculus! And for a shilling! It is amazing. In the "Animal World," by Professor Gamble, and "Evolution,"

by Professors J. Arthur Thomson and Patrick Geddes, we touch subjects that are accessible in other cheap editions. Yet neither book is a mere handbook. It is the charm of this series that each volume is touched with individuality. The book on Evolution treats of many matters that are only now receiving detailed attention, such as Mendelism. Moreover, in both books, special subjects are easily turned up; such is the system of arrangement.

"Liberalism" in the hands of Professor Hobhouse forms an interesting subject. His treatment is limited by the fact that he considers his subject as an organisation for all time, instead of regarding it as subject to fluctuation as the Whiggism out of which it grew. He does not wholly avoid necessary criticism; but in treating of Cobden he does seem ever to have canvassed the conception that the logical outcome of his principles would be a brutalised Nietzscheism. To the last volume, that by Dr. Mercier on "Crime and Insanity," we turned with the greatest eagerness, and were not a little disappointed. The sociological aspect of crime he treats fully and completely; but the metaphysical aspect of crime, the only really interesting aspect, and that which is closely allied to certain profound forms of insanity, he altogether neglects. One would never gather from his book that sometimes a sociological crime may happen to be a metaphysical duty. But that is incidental.

If a man were to master all these volumes, what a formidable conversationalist he would be.

MAHOMEDAN INDIA

History of the Rise of the Mahomedan Power in India, till the Year 1612 A.D. Translated from the Original Persian of Mahomed Kasim Ferishta by Lieut.-Colonel John Briggs. Four Vols. (R. Cambray, Calcutta; Kegan Paul and Co. 30s. net.)

This is a reprint, not an original work; but, as it was first published in London so long ago as 1829, and has been out of print for sixty years and more, it has an appearance of newness, though presumably it has been accessible in reference libraries of any pretension to students of Indian history. The reissue has been brought out by an enterprising Calcutta firm of publishers who had already reproduced similarly the "Seir Mutagherin" (Manners of the Moderns), written in 1780 by Gholam Hossain, a noble courtier, also a valuable though lengthy account of the period between Aurangzib (who died in 1707) and Warren Hastings; it, too, was translated by Briggs. We may hope that the publishers will meet with sufficient response to encourage them to continue the series of reissues in which they have made such a promising commencement.

One object of all history is to get at the truth of the past. The facts must be correctly known before deductions are possible. And of no history is it more important for us to obtain accurate versions than of that of our Indian Empire. There are always before us the questions whether British rule is an improvement on the native governments, whether contemplated measures are antagonistic to native ideas, what lessons can be learnt from the mistakes as well as the successes of our predecessors in power. General Briggs records a warning against misconception of the Indian character, and claims for this history that it will be instructive, "if it be merely to show the certain effects of good and bad government among a people whom our ignorance disposes us to consider as devoid of moral energy, and who are prone to submit without resistance to the grossest oppression." Why was Akbar successful, and Aurangzib a failure? Their religious policies differed. The Portuguese failed in India because they persecuted the natives on

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religious grounds. The facts show, for instance, the grave seriousness attaching to religion in a country where it moves the whole population.

No history can be entirely contemporaneous. A writer must depend, as Thucydides avowedly did, on what he can The genesis of the collect from trustworthy sources. history before us is well known, and may be briefly stated. The author, Ferishta, was a Persian, born probably in 1570 on the border of the Caspian, but was taken, while a youth, by his father to Ahmadnagar, in the Indian Deccan. After some vicissitudes he, still being under twenty, reached the Court of Bijapur, one of the five independent kingdoms of the Deccan formed from the dissolution of the Bahmani dynasty. Welcomed by the King and Minister, he spent the remainder of his life there, was sometimes engaged in military expeditions, but devoted himself mainly to the composition of his great work. He mentions the Portuguese factory at Surat in 1611. Whether he died in 1611 or 1623 is uncertain, probably 1623. His history, written in Persian, is divided into twelve chapters, dealing with the events of thirteen independent kingdoms during some centuries, and the Saints of His introduction gives a very imperfect view of the Hindu period previous to the Mahomedan invasion, but from that time his work is valuable, beginning with the Ghaznevide dynasty about 977 A.D. He acknowledges his indebtedness to thirty-five original manuscripts consulted by him, which he names, while he quotes from some twenty other authors. In general he avoids prejudice and partiality, but is not entirely exempt from sectarian bitterness. He has been considered the most trustworthy of Oriental historians. In writing of Bijapur he specially denies having misrepresented facts for the purpose of obtaining pecuniary rewards. In the eighteenth century portions of Ferishta's work were translated by Colonel Dow in his "History of Hindustan" (known to Gibbon), and part was utilised by Captain Jonathan Scott in the "History of the Deccan." It remained for General Briggs, at Sir James Mackintosh's instigation, to translate the whole of Ferishta's production, and to add to it considerably by his account of the conquest, by the kings of Hyderabad, of certain territories now included in the Madras Presidency; by including a chronological epitome of the wars of the Portuguese in India as connected with the history of the Deccan; by tables of comparative chronology and genealogical tables of the Royal Families of each dynasty; by an alphabetical list of the proper names, titles, and Oriental words, with explanations attached, a similar list of geographical names, and a number of valuable notes throughout. He has, however, omitted the Saints of India, and, by using an earlier edition to translate from, he has missed some of Ferishta's latest additions. General Briggs (1785-1875) was in the East India Company's Madras Army, served in Persia, Satura, Mysore and Nagpur, and retired in 1838, and was F.R.S. He had intended to write a complete work on the Mahomedan Power in India, but his library was burnt in the sack of the Poona Residency by the Peshwa in 1817. His capacity as a translator may be accepted, though manuscript Persian is very difficult to handle when the diacritical points, which alone render orthography possible, are

The study of Indian history is hardly to be recommended as an exhilarating occupation; but apart from this it may be perused for instruction and utility. In Indian history particularly the number of names, often uncouth and always unfamiliar, is appalling; not even a Macaulay could retain them in his memory, and we deliberately avoid them as much as possible. But it is useful to understand what Ferishta tells us of the origin, rise, and extent of power of the Indian kingdoms, their internal administration and

policy, and, lastly, the dissolution of all those whose end he lived to witness. Again, the inaccuracy of Indian historians is almost proverbial. They appear to regard their task as affording opportunities for braggadocio, for the glorificatiou of a race, a dynasty, or an individual; they indulge in flowery language and rhodomontade which obscure the sense and possess no substance; their figures and dates often cannot be trusted: for instance, we have the duration of the Brahmanical Yoogs (periods of the world's existence) extending to millions of years, though no explanation of the calculation is offered or possible, as can be afforded in the modern estimates framed on geological facts; the number of soldiers engaged in battles is hopelessly exaggerated; an Oriental has no regard for time. But, while bearing these drawbacks in mind, we must remember that we shall get nothing better in the shape of Indian history than Ferishta has provided, and no one is likely to try to supersede General Briggs as a translator, though we understand that there is a lithographed edition of Ferishta, dated 1831. Our historian has shown great research in consulting authorities, but no chain is stronger than its weakest link; it is impossible now to test the veracity of the primal authorities.

Ferishta's work covers mainly the centuries from about 1,000 a.p. to the death of Akbar in 1605. Thus it narrates the invasion of Tamerlane the Tartar (1398) and his slaughter of 100,000 inhabitants of Delhi. Babar, who founded the Mogul Empire at Delhi after the battle of Panipat in 1526, was fifth in descent from Tamerlane, and Akbar was grandson to Babar. Before Ferishta's death the English had not asserted themselves generally in India. His history therefore treats of the pre-English period, and for that it will always be an indispensable authority. With these handy volumes the work of future historians will be facilitated. The publishers deserve to succeed in their enterprise of making them accessible.

THE BANDA ORIENTAL

Uruguay. By W. H. KOEBEL. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Here we have another volume of the South American Series, in which the several Republics of that Continent are being separately described. It is well that their amenities and potentialities as fields for the investment of capital should be thoroughly known. Mr. Koebel visited the country in 1910 and studied his subject carefully with local assistance. The State might with advantage be better introduced to the English public than it has been, considering that fifty millions sterling of English money are invested there, and its railways are chiefly under English management. But the South American Republics have not altogether had a good reputation, and they are far away. The history of Uruguay possesses some special features which may be briefly summarised.

Uruguay, on the East Coast of South America, between Brazil and Argentina, was discovered by the Spaniard Juan Diaz de Solis in 1512. The Spaniards were unsuccessful in several attempts to subdue the aboriginal Indians, the Charruas and others, but eventually prevailed at Montevideo, founding it in 1726, and in 1777 expelled the Portuguese who had settled at Colonia. In 1810 the South American War of Independence against the Spaniards commenced, and in 1814 Montevideo fell to the insurgents. The Spanish power in Uruguay was extinguished in 1824. On May 1st, 1829, the Independence of the State was formally acknowledged by Brazil and Argentina, both the Portuguese and Spaniards having been expelled.

But then began the period of internal struggles between rival

competitors for power which have never ceased. It would be tedious to mention even the names of the adventurers, Generals and Presidents, who fought for office with alternating success and failure. Mr. Koebel compiled a list of 120 battles, but fortunately does not publish it. "Indians and Spaniards, Spaniards and Portuguese, Uruguayans and Spaniards, Uruguayans and Portuguese have fought together on countless occasions." The marvel is that, with so much recurring disturbance, civilisation has made so much progress. It speaks volumes for the energy and virility of the people, who are now composed of very mixed elements. The division of political parties into the Blancos and Colorados, the Whites and Reds, starting with the establishment of the Republic eighty years ago, is simple: the parties are divided by no political principle. The Colorados, the urban party, have been in power since 1864, and maintain themselves by controlling both the importation of weapons and the supply of horses to possible insurgents; the Blancos, the rural party, continue the apparently hopeless conflict with unabated ardour.

In spite of the constant revolutions the country is being developed. In his Appendix Mr. Koebel has furnished ample financial and commercial statistics, but a curious omission is poticeable in his book: he has nowhere stated the number of the population or even estimated it, though the area is given at 72,000 square miles. In fact, the Census of 1908 showed the population at 1,043,000—that is under fifteen persons to the square mile throughout. There are but few large towns; the capital, Montevideo, has only 400,000 inhabitants. In short, the Uruguay State, commonly known as the Banda Oriental, is chiefly pastoral, the Campo, or country, forming the greater part. But agriculture, especially the cultivation of wheat, is making progress; viticulture and fruit-growing are in some quarters established industries; seals are caught in numbers, and their skins and oil exported; the minerals are promising, but require working. There are seven railways, with a capital of fourteen millions, and 1,432 miles of line open, paying something over 4 per cent. interest, partly under Government guarantee, and seventy-eight miles under construction. Quite lately a Government loan of three millions for the State construction of 497 miles of light railways was announced. The imports from Great Britain still exceed those from any other country, but the ratio of increase is not proportionally maintained. Great Britain is losing ground, because her merchants do not cater for the Uruguayan trade with the same attention to detail, the same study of the requirements and knowledge of the languages as the Germans, French, and Americans adopt.

In a pastoral country, as Uruguay is, cattle-grazing and breeding naturally constitute the chief wealth; the estancias, or farms, abound in the Campo. In 1909 a census of the live stock showed a total of twenty-four million animals, of which the sheep numbered sixteen and the cattle nearly seven millions. The meat, frozen and dried, hides, wool, and by-products form the principal items of the export trade; the dairy industry is developing. At Fray Benton in 1910 more than 179,000 head of cattle were killed to produce Liebig's extract of meat. With its temperate climate, said to be one of the healthiest in the world, and a rainful of forty-three inches, Uruguay has great natural advantages; the people are manly, sober, unostentatious, and civil, free from sycophancy; the beauty of the women is celebrated. If the senseless revolutions could only be stopped much greater progress would be attained, and capital would flow more freely into the country. Education is highly esteemed and encouraged throughout the State. Mr. Koebel has not painted the whole situation in conleur de rose, but has given a very readable description of the country and its affairs, which ought to prove useful to intending colonists and to

add to the number of the English community, already fairly numerous, as British enterprise has asserted itself in the South American States.

VAGUE VERSES

The Crucibles of Time. By DARRELL FIGGIS. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Darrell Figgis has lost nothing of the sincerity or the optimism which he showed in his first book, "A Vision of Life," but he has become much more self-conscious. He seems, as it were, oppressed with the necessity of speaking weightily, and he has developed a taste for subtle discourse and a fondness for such unattractive words as accipitrine, intrinsicate, spilth, soilure, cincture, rondure, discinct, words which, with radiancy, effulgency, lustre, and the ideas they express, seem to represent to Mr. Figgis the Elizabethan spirit which he has been praised for expressing. As a matter of fact we find nothing Elizabethan in Mr. Figgis at present; quite un-Elizabethan is that fierce earnestness which welcomes the reiteration of the commonplace and even overlooks bathos. He sings, for example—

Yet with horror stricken saw we, for it settled, melted, dwindled, Seeming gradually less;

and

Oh, what is man without investiture !-

both of which remarks might have been fitly found in the pages of a humorous poet. And we seem to see a certain striving after effect in such a version of an old proverb as—

Never did sorrow trail a single course, But keep the road in congregations, flocks, And herded teams.

Mr. Figgis's short poems, of which he has a score or so in the present volume, show a rich vocabulary and an earnest outlook on life. In "To a Snowdrop," "Hanger Woods," and "To a Chrysanthemum," he attains more than this—namely, a real dignity and eloquence. The rest are of lesser worth. The "Ode to Music," though clever, and not a thing every one could write, is wordy and too facile, while such trifles as "Ad Intra," "Firelight," and the two triolets are merely album verse. There is a pretty song beginning—

Not cherry ripe nor roses, Tho' picked from Summer's chalice.

"The Crucibles of Time" is the pièce de résistance of the volume, and, if only by reason of its length, calls for most remark. In a slightly artificial preface Mr. Figgis makes a suggestion of apology for treating such an ancient theme as the story of Job, but he evidently considers himself quite justified. Yet, after all, had he anything to say about Job which has not been said before? Had he any original aspect of that more than familiar story to put before us? Could he read any new philosophy into it or erect any deep character study upon it? We confess that we have not found anything of the sort. Mr. Figgis observes the Greek unity of place, he employs three messengers and two choruses, which sing in a manner not without a certain grandeur, but are not very helpful to the story nor fine enough as lyrics to stand by themselves. Mr. Figgis brings in Satan by the name of Mephistopheles, God by the name of The Presence, and invokes a rather vague spirit of the commonplace attitude to life in Job's wife. But there is nothing arresting in all this. Job is not a powerfully-drawn character, nor do any of the persons or personages emerge into great distinct-

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ness either of humanity or allegory. The poem has its good lines, but only too often do we find such pure verbiage as the following from a "Chorus of Furies":—

And then its music and song in an echo of rhythms heard From the voice of a mighty throng, like a single reverberate word.

Where anger is eaten of sorrow, and hatred whelmed of woe, And mercy and tenderness borrow a mute soft passionate throe.

We will pay Mr. Figgis the compliment of saying he could go on like this indefinitely; these lines are good verse, such as not every versifier could produce, but they are very far indeed from being poetry. And it is just because we feel sure that Mr. Figgis can give us much better work than anything in "The Crucibles of Time" that we must express a particular regret for the large amount of mediocre matter included in it.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Chalkstream and Moorland: Thoughts on Trout-fishing. By HAROLD RUSSELL. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

Modern angling literature abounds in pleasant books like this, well-written, redolent of the country. The quotation from "Henry VI." on the title-page furnishes the keynote to the pages that follow:

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

Modesty is not unbecoming in an angler, but the author is, if anything, too modest. Were his book more didactic in its aim there would be more truth in the sentence with which his Preface commences:—"It is incumbent upon any one who writes a new book about fishing to open with an apology." But the evident pleasure that Mr. Russell has found in writing these pages will find a ready echo in many of his readers; for when fishing is out of the question anglers delight in reading and talking about their favourite sport, and the imagination of anglers is their most cherished possession. In a book of light essays, such as this, one does not look for much that is new. Merely the headings of the chapters conjure up a series of delightful pictures. "The River Test in Summer and Autumn" is full of suggestion for one; to another "Loch-fishing in Scotland and Ireland" brings back half-forgotten memories of long days spent in pleasant places.

There is always something monotonous about the author who never misses his fish; but Mr. Russell has the courage to miss quite a fair proportion in print. It is evidently a failing of his to strike too hard, and a fly left in the mouth of a fish establishes friendly relations at once with the reader who has done the same at times himself. A genuine lover of the country, the author's wanderings by stream and lake are better reading than his excursions into angling literature, with which he seems to have little but a bowing acquaintance, chiefly through Bibliotheca Piscatoria. "Hope in Fishing" is discussed in the last chapter. Without hope who would be an angler? A sanguine disposition is essential to success with the rod. This is especially true of loch-fishing. "The fish are coming short," says the boatman, on days when trout after trout rises at the fly and is missed through no apparent fault of ours. Then the luck changes, every fish is firmly hooked, and memory records a red-letter day where everything promised a blank. Nil desperandum should be the motto of every angler.

Butterflies, and How to Identify Them. By the Rev. S. N. Sedgwick, M.A. Illustrated. (Charles H. Kelly 1s. net.)

WITHOUT wishing to "be a butterfly, born in a bower" (as the old song has it), the study of the various species of this beautiful insect will prove of delightful interest. In this little handbook the author describes all the known British species, of which there are said to be seventy-one, some of which are reputed only, while others are very rare. The cycle of life in the butterfly's story is from the egg, through the caterpillar stage, into that of the pupa, or chrysalis, from which the full-grown insect, or imago, emerges finally as the familiar butterfly. The booklet contains some capital illustrations depicting all these stages, while a coloured frontispiece shows the typical differences between butterflies and moths. In an exhaustive list the author gives full particulars of the imago, the larva, the pupa, the foodplant, and the locality where found. The young Naturestudent and others will find this little work an excellent and complete guide to the subject with which it deals.

"Chicot" in America. By Keble Howard. With Frontispiece. (Hutchinson and Co. 1s. net.)

MR. Keble Howard, who has been touring through parts of the United States and Canada, writes pleasantly, not to say eulogistically, of all he saw and every one he met. He has even a good word to say for the New York police. "As a body they are kindly gentlemen, of superfine address and appearance. . . The New York policeman is not only courteous, he will go to infinite pains to help you on your way." A few not very successful attempts at a certain dry humour are scattered through the pages, which originally appeared in The Sketch under the heading "Motley Notes." They contain nothing of sufficient interest to warrant their republication in book form.

The two most noted American monthlies for July, Harper's and the Century, are excellent numbers. Mr. Richard le Gallienne's article in Harper's, "The Philosopher Walks Up-Town," is a discovery of romance in New York, and is charmingly illustrated with drawings by Lester Hornby. Illustrations, in fact, are a very strong feature; Mr. George Harding's pictures explanatory of his own contribution, "Wreckers of the Florida Keys," are really wonderful, and are splendid examples also of artistic printing. Chief in importance from a literary standpoint is "The Knights of Borsellen," a hitherto unpublished romance by Thackeray, with sketches also by him; this also appears in the Cornhill by special arrangement. Professor Walsh has a study of Elizabethan speech as represented by its survival in much of the Irish brogue of to-day—a most interesting and valuable article.

"Thackeray's London," by Lewis Melville, and "Thackeray in America," by J. G. Wilson, form the opening topical features of the Century. The travel articles, which are always so readable in this magazine, are well sustained by an account of a journey by motor-car beyond the Arctic Circle, and a close examination of "The Struggle for Existence in China," the latter by Professor E. A. Ross. The author gives an appalling description of the terrible fecundity of the Chinese and the manner of life of the teeming lower-class population. Fiction and verse, as usual, reach a high level.

In the "Musings Without Method" of Blackwood's this month the principal place is occupied by a very neat appreciation of the art of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert. "Lines-

man" has a capital article dealing with lovely Ceylon, and his account of the way in which the elephants work—and occasionally rebel—makes good reading. In this issue a new serial, entitled "A Safety Match," by Ian Hay, begins well.

The Empire Review deals with the Declaration of London in an article by T. Baty, D.C.L., LL.D., and with Australian Naval Defence (Admiral Henderson's recent proposal) in an energetic contribution by F. A. W. Gisborne. Other excellent pages contain "Stories of Indian Art," by Percy Brown; "Here and There in Mashonaland," by E. B. Baker; and a good description of a visit to the Kaieteur Falls of British Guiana, by E. R. Davson.

FICTION

Brother Copas. By "Q." (Arrowsmith, Bristol. 6s.)

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH has not written a novel on conventional lines in his latest volume. "Brother Copas" contains little in the way of plot and very much in the way of quotation. If this easy-going chronicle is not destined to be placed side by side with "Major Vigoureux" it is nevertheless a book of considerable charm. It is whimsical, ironical, humorous, and "Q," with his deft pen, sees to it that when we laugh we do so with a hint of tears in our eyes.

The story deals with the inmates of St. Hospital-the Beauchamps and the Blanchminsters. This College of Noble Poverty provides the author with a variety of types. There is the Pastor of St. Hospital. He is a fine, old-world soul, a lover of the niceties of literary style, benign and courteous in all his doings, just the one to rule a number of old men whose worldly losses, for the most part, have not tended to sweeten their tempers. Then there is Brother Copas, who dearly loves to throw a fly across the Mere; a gay learned old fellow, full of whims and fancies-a merry Dante. You cannot place him religiously. He appears neither Evangelical nor to favour certain ritualistic practices not strictly Protestant. There is a decided touch of the pagan in his make-up, and yet on account of his inherent goodnessa goodness on broad, manly lines - he is not out of place in a religious community, but rather adorns it with his presence. If Brother Copas sometimes reminds us that his creator compiled "The Oxford Book of English Verse" he makes up for his prolix quotations by being the staunch friend of Brother Bonaday and the charming lover of the little girl

The chief charm of this book lies in the description of Brother Copas and Corona. Precisely who Corona is must be left to the reader. Suffice it to say that she comes over from America, and takes up her abode in St. Hospital, to the infinite delight of Brother Copas, while to Brother Bonaday her coming awakens old remories. Corona is a precocious child, perhaps not very naturally drawn, but amusing and interesting. She can hunt for babies in a parsley-bed, make her golliwog wear pyjamas at night and a priestly robe in the day-time. All these things strike us as quite possible in a little girl of Corona's age; but when "Q" makes her exclaim, on seeing the brethren for the first time, "Save us! Seems I'd better start straight in by asking what news of the Crusaders," we begin to wonder if the quotation "And a little child shall lead them" is always desirable. But Corona is not invariably wound up by "Q" in this frenzied manner. She thinks like a child when she fancies that Miss Dickinson's canaries are really transformed and imprisoned pupils. She strikes a new note in the life

of Brother Copas—a sweet, strong note, even if a little sad. We see the gulf that divides old age and childhood. Brother Copas tries to span it with many a fairy bridge; but for all that he cannot explain the meaning of the song that wells up into his heart, cannot tell her the meaning of the lines—

Now learn ye to love who loved never, now ye who have loved, Love anew!

He can only murmer, as he watches Corona deep in buttercups: "God grant that, at the right time, the right Prince may come to her over the meadows and discourse honest music."

The Ascent of the Bostocks. By HAROLD STOREY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THE account which Mr. Storey has to tell of "The Ascent of the Bostocks" is very realistic so far as it deals with the description of life which is led by people who have "got on" in the town of Selbury. Mrs. Bostock is a typical retired tradesman's wife hovering between her true and womanly feelings for the welfare and happiness of her husband and children and her worldly desire to be noticed and patronised by people who are a little higher up the social ladder than she is herself. The betrothal of her daughter Carry to a prospective Member of Parliament gives her great pleasure. Carry, however, merely regards marriage "as a serious and sensible arrangement for the mutual advantage of two persons," and holds the opinion that "feelings are mostly blood, and vary with age, health, and meals." As was to be expected, she soon tires of an engagement entered upon with these notions, and as her fiance is equally desirous of terminating such an unsatisfactory state of affairs a way is found by which matters are eventually settled to the gratification of all parties concerned, and especially so to Mrs. Lena Webley, a young widow who from the very beginning was desirous of helping the prospective Member of Parliament by presenting to him her fortune, to say nothing of her hand and as much of a heart as she possessed. The story is not particularly exciting; there are one or two attempts at philosophy, and a few humorous passages. On the other hand, it is a book which one could take up during a spare hour and be well amused without having to trouble to think a great deal.

The Legacy. By MARY S. WATTS. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)

Ir the authoress of this novel had compressed within some two hundred pages the story which it has taken her nearly four hundred to tell she might have been congratulated upon her work. Letty Breen, the heroine, is the only daughter of a rather disreputable man, and is brought up by a self-sacrificing mother in the home of a spendthrift and cadging old grandfather. Yet the family of Breen is held in high esteem for the glories of its past, and, though the scene is laid in America, reference is continually being made to ancestral blue blood and other things of a similar nature, which one does not somehow associate with up-todate democracy as found in a small New England city. The development of Letty Breen's character is the kernel of the book. Accustomed only to needy circumstances, she marries a clerk in a small way of business, and eventually an intrigue with his employer is cut short by her husband's having an accident and becoming permanently weak-minded. After three years of this purgatory death releases her, and, though not in the least in love with him, she marries an impossible person, who is possessed of many dollars, and whom she knew as a boy. There is something lacking in the book, and the continual use of italics to emphasise conversation should not be necessary and is very irritating.

Other Laws. By JOHN PARKINSON. (John Lane. 6s.)

As a story Mr. Parkinson's latest book is curiously lacking in purpose. It is hard to believe that he has written it simply to show that conventional morality is often at fault, for that demonstration has been made so often in modern fiction as to have become almost a worse convention than the code it attacks. Nor does he give us much more than glimpses of the pioneer work in Central Africa which separates John Hawkins from Caroline Blackwood at the critical period of their love affair, and is the indirect cause of her marrying another man. The result of this lack of definite intention is a certain vagueness and a difficulty in perusal which is, if anything, increased by Mr. Parkinson's carelessness of the furniture of fiction. Nevertheless, he is an earnest writer with a point of view, and he gives us that rare and valuable impression of knowing more than he is able to tell. His characters are true to type, but scarcely more than types. Caroline Blackwood, in particular, fails to fill her important rôle quite satisfactorily. Cross, the journalist, who takes his work with an appalling seriousness, is lifelike; while Angela Philips, the zoologist, is amusing and inspiring; and Mr. Massey, the human vegetable, amusing and uninspiring. With a stronger theme Mr. Parkinson might have written a weighty book; as it is, his performance is a little colourless.

Where Day Begins. By Alfred Buchanan. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

Mr. Alfred Buchanan has treated his readers to a strange "Where Day mixture of melodrama and pessimism. Begins" is a synonym for Australia, and the story concerns the career of a headstrong, impulsive ne'er-do-well of the name of Mordaunt. The fact that by birth he is illegitimate leads him to regard himself as a social Ishmael, and undeniable good looks render him a favourite with the women with whom he is brought in contact. He has a long intrigue with one Madeleine Trelvar, who during his absence in South Africa at the time of the Boer War marries his enemy and nominal father-a marriage which only seems to render Mordaunt more passionate and more impossible than before. After a short period of leave from the front, he rejoins his regiment and meets his death at the hands of his own countrymen for having broken the rules of war. The author states that to disarm criticism the latter incident belongs to history and not to fiction, and adds that "in one part of the world at least it created a profound sensation." Those who remember the Boer War will remember the case referred to, and it seems a pity that such a tragedy should have been taken as a peg whereon to hang a story.

THACKERAY*

(JULY 18TH, 1811-1911)

All the great Victorians have passed from among us. For in no true sense of the word can Thomas Hardy be called a Victorian. We may sit beside him perhaps in a theatre

* The Centenary Biographical Edition. With Biographical Introductions by his daughter, Lady Ritchie. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net each.)

The Cornhill Magazine. Centenary Number. With new Thackeray matter recently discovered.

to-day, and we may notice the hand of age upon him, proclaiming him as one the splendour of whose days fetches back to the time when Browning, Meredith, Tennyson, Dickens, George Eliot, and Thackeray were in their height of fame. But a man's tribe is a matter of ancestry, not the hazard of environment; and by that infallible test Thomas Hardy is discovered to be an alien among those whom we call the Victorians, recognising a certain bond between them that does not bind him. His very choice of an alien form is an outward symbol proclaiming the difference. We think of "Adam Bede," "David Copperfield," and "Pendennis," and in each of them, through their individual distinctions, a certain common spirit is to be discovered uttering itself in various fashion. We go on, and in the infinitely richer, more various work of one but lately gone from us we see the same spirit articulating itself in Evan Harrington and Harry Richmond. But there the semblance arrests itself; and by that token we may know that the Victorian age is finally closed and completed, awaiting yet the final summary of its achievement.

One by one, then, the great names of that age are stepping to the arresting challenge of their centenaries, and among them William Makepeace Thackeray is the first of the novelists who has to undergo this exacting ordeal. In a certain sense it would be just to say that the age was chiefly characterised by the special glory of the novel, in spite of the fact that the names of Tennyson, Browning, and, remotely, Francis Thompson, are to be included in it. Yet it must be remembered that the two first of these names in poetry themselves give witness to the priority of the novel in the fact that they obviously shaped much of their poetry having the novel in mind. It is difficult to imagine "The Ring and the Book" or "Maud" being written in any other age than one chiefly addicted to the novel. Yet the very form of the novel is itself distinctive, and for a wholly different reason. It may be safely said, for instance, that such novels as "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes" have been seen for the last time. To this result Thomas Hardy has contributed as much as any. Strictly, it is of course true that the novel derives primarily from Bunyan and Cervantes in final indebtedness; but, actually, Dickens and Thackeray, as the chief makers of the nineteenth-century novel, reach back through Scott no further than Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. From them the inspiration came, and from them came too the rambling, formless fashion of the final result. But now the mystic word "architectonic" has been breathed over a disordered, yet somewhat splendid, chaos; and so the parts have begun actively to arrange and fashion themselves, and a final, wellordered, and, it is to be hoped, not too exclusive a cosmos has begun to loom ahead for the novel. Novelists have already begun to speak, with adequately bated breath, of "mastering their medium;" and with that word we may see at once how far we have travelled since Thackeray and " Vanity Fair."

Thus, save for the one triumphant example of "Esmond," it happens that in celebrating Thackeray's Centenary we are also taking our leave of him as a novelist. That does not mean to say, necessarily, that there shall be no more nevels as long as "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis;" it means rather that, however lengthy novels may be, it shall be required of them to proceed with the matter they have undertaken to tell, and that if their author be possessed of the very legitimate desire to tell us the thoughts touching the weighty things of life that his matter has awoken in him he shall convey them preferably in the colour and happenings of his narrative, or at least cause them materially to explain and progress the business in hand. In this it is sometimes hard to keep patience with Thackeray. His prolixity is not the prolixity of an abundant narrative: it is rather the

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m se cl fault of the showman (and, it must be confessed, too often the impertinent showman) who mingles with his characters, not to laugh with them or weep with them, but to chuckle unhappily at them, with sidelong glance, or sneer openly at them to their faces. Nothing can be imagined more calculated to irritate the mind than this. We can abide the voice in our ear that excitedly explains the course of the action to us. We can even tolerate the showman who seeks to aid our sense of illusion—as moral reflections and subtle expositions and diagnoses may well do. But such a showman as this but excites our impatience and stirs our disgust, because he, even he whose task it is to throw a glamour of desirable illusion about us, is also in league against us to destroy it by his cynicism.

This faculty was ever prevalent in Thackeray's work. It has been said that in none of his novels is there a hero or heroine for whom we are not sometimes stirred to contempt. Harry Esmond (his creator himself said it) is not a little of a prig; Beatrix, Esmond in his most dignified and most manly of moments turned away from himself as heartless and vapid, for all her brilliance of charm; Major Pendennis is of the world worldly, and empty at that; even Colonel Newcome only holds us completely at the moment of his death. To say that the fault of this lay with Thackeray himself will seem to be like announcing the obvious, since it was he who made them. But the statement is true in a subtler way than appears to be the case at first flush. For if ever one of his characters seemed by any chance to be shaping for the noble, at once the showman would step forward and seek to make him or her appear lugubrious by some or other suggestion of mixed motives. This was so when Thackeray was engaged depicting the gay and heroic. When, therefore, he turned to a show of life that was in itself of questionable repute, the result was to immerse the reading mind in an odour and flavour of things that it turned from in distaste. After a continuous and lengthy reading of "Vanity Fair," a fierce, south-easterly gale on hill tops, or a crystal frost, or pinewoods in Spring when young buds are awake, are required to purge and clarify the mind again. There is nothing impure in life or on earth save the minds of some men; and therefore we feel that it is Thackeray chiefly who is responsible for our distaste—not life. That is to say, he has not dealt honestly with life, with his own soul, or by us.

The lamentable pity of all this is that through all his work we are haunted by a sense of his genius. Few could be so lugubrious on occasion as he; yet, even when most lost to a sense of fitness and dignity, through his faults there flash continually on us strange lights in revelation of his genius. It is declared that as he wrote the famous chapter in "Vanity Fair" where Rawdon Crawley discovered Becky's faithlessness (chapter xviii. of the second volume in the present edition) the ejaculation broke from him, "Genius, by God!" Who can help but approve the cause of his exclamation, or fail to think of many other marked instances that could supply a cause not less sufficient? But the fact is, that even when we are least positive of the genius we are most certain that we could not affirm its absence. It is this elusive charm about him that binds us to him even when we are most dissuaded by his unhealthy sidelong glance at life. Where, for example, can one discover a more delicate balance of style, a purer charm of expression, than his? Even when he left it most unchastened one can always divine the inner beauty beyond the excrescences. Where shall one know a more adequate or more natural conveyance of dialogue? Or where may we seek to find a more restrained dignity of deportment in his characters when occasion requires it? Take the scene already mentioned, where Colonel Crawley finds Lord Steyne with Becky, with, by way of instance, such a strangely contained and riveting sentence as "And he struck the peer

twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground." Take Esmond's repudiation of his Jacobite faith, his breaking of his Jacobite sword before the face of the last Jacobite libertine, in the thirteenth chapter of the third book of "Henry Esmond." Or the justly famous death of Colonel Newcome, with the wonderful last paragraph beginning "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll." Their strength is in their restraint. Comparisons are invidious, but one is puzzled to think what Dickens would have made of such scenes.

What, then, is the cause of this dissatisfaction so often. stirred in us? Some have said that he is a cynic, others that he is a sentimentalist. Is it possible to discover the central thing in him that shall explain these several, and seemingly contrary, impressions his work leaves on this hand and on that? For one thing, it should never be forgotten the manner of man he was. Objective art or subjective art, no man can write other than the things that are in him, and no man can help but write out the things that are in him. Thackeray was no exception to this. Firstly, he was an Englishman; and, except for the fact that there was very little of the Falstaff in him, he might fitly be called a very typical Englishman-that is to say, all those noble impulsions that go to make the very loftiest art he was not only afraid of, he was half-ashamed of them. Art is compact of nothing so much as the grand passions of the soul, and when these came upon Thackeray he (speaking in the way of symbol) cast his eye hurriedly right and left to see what others thought of the figure he was cutting. He never knew anything of the grand abandon of the soul on fire. As has been said, he was afraid and ashamed of the divine fury the things he handled would awake in him. He sought refuge from it, and he found his refuge in only three possible retreats. He took refuge in a punctilious and meticulous rectitude, when he became a prig. Or he found shelter in a half-faltering scepticism at the expense of the genuineness of the passion awakened, when he promptly took shape as a cynic. Or he sought to baulk the passion of its urgency by turning half of it astray, and letting the lesser half of the stream filter maudlin-fashion down his page, when at once he was a sentimentalist.

Now, at one time or another, Thackeray is all of these things. Nothing can better test such a type of man than to give him poetry to write or to read. A blushing face, a smirking smile, and a stammering demeanour are the inevitable results: and the more genuine and potent the emotion stirred in him by its appeal, the more marked and inevitable are those characteristics. And so it is with Thackeray. Take this verse he gives to his Jeames for the expression of his love:—

When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breeze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deep, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soul in dreams,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

How extraordinary it is! He cannot deny himself the impulsion to loveliness and beauty; but it suffuses him with blushes, and so he endeavours to turn it to burlesque. It has been said of him that he even blushed furiously as he penned his love-scenes. That can very well be believed. Probably he imagined himself being watched by some fellow-member of the Garrick Club.

The effect of this was all the more marked since he was possessed of so extraordinarily receptive a mind. Few things that passed him were unperceived by him; and what he perceived he analysed, criticised, and retained. Had he only possessed the godlike faculty of absolute abandon, there

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is no telling what he might not have achieved: but this demands the instinct of faith and a pure soul. The man who said "My vanity would be to go through life as a gentleman, as a Major Pendennis" was obviously debarred from it. Not that he meant what he said; though it is evident that he meant a good deal of it. But that he should have said it is quite sufficient: for thereby he sought to deny the best in him

Yet this very faculty, while it led to the faults that have already been noticed, led also to his one supreme excellence. Truly speaking, the more restrained he is, the more supreme he is. The avoidance of abandon that led to his cynicism, his desire for satire and caricature, his sentimentalism, his priggishness, led also, when instinct guided him aright, to the strength of restraint. In the passages from his works that outstand as the memory's great landmarks this is the virtue that characterises them all. And when he elected, not only to restrain his characters and his manner of narration, but also to restrain himself by the severe ordeal of subduing his hand and mind to the autobiographic narration of one of his own creations-why, then he blossomed to his one perfect flower of achievement in Henry Esmond, and the wholly different, yet not less successful, Barry Lyndon. In both of them the showman is dismissed; and in the first of them, at least, the style has a certain grace of expression not to be outdone in or out of his work. Some have said that the affinity between the styles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was proved in the fact that when Thackeray desired to achieve the earlier manner it was only necessary for him to chasten slightly his ordinary style, and make some slight conversational alterations as, for example, "'tis" for "it's." But this is not so. The chastening of the style was due to the necessity for personal restraint. And, for the rest, he himself in life and spirit was always more attuned to the eighteenth century than to his own age.

Of his life we do not know much. Wisely, perhaps, he ordained that there should be no official biography of him. The completest hints we have yet had are to be found in the biographical introductions his daughter has supplied to this Centenary Edition. Yet these are written with what is, perhaps, a justifiably pious grace, rather than with a desire to let the utmost be known. From them, however, and from the friendly biographies already printed, a very accurate impression of the man and his life can be gathered. And it is even such a man, and even such a life, as one would have expected. It is almost the typical life of a man in the eighteenth century. A haunter of taverns and clubs, he might have been the associate of Steele and Addison, rather than one who lived in the nineteenth century. Thus it was that when he came to write "Henry Esmond" he had only to depict his own desires and emotions to achieve a perfect verisimilitude. Yet it left its brand. Nature never blew through the eighteenth century; Nature never blew through Thackeray's life; Nature never blows through Thackeray's novels. They are of the town, towny; and a little stuffy withal.

THE THEATRE

"ABOVE SUSPICION," AND "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"

Mr. Herbert Trench, whose special gift it is and whose métier it was only to produce those plays which the public does not want—plays of idea, of temperament, of idealism, in a word plays for a repertory—has gradually fallen into line with the ordinary—very ordinary—theatrical manager. The result is peculiarly paradoxical. When he produced plays which he was perfectly certain the public did not

want, he was amazingly successful; but now that he produces, one after another, the plays which he is perfectly certain they want very much indeed, he meets with absolute failure. For all that, the Haymarket Theatre remains the most interesting theatre in London. Its attempt at unpopularity, "The Blue Bird," brought about an unprecedented bombardment of the box-office, and achieved that unpleasantly commercial event—a record. His various attempts at great popularity have brought about no ordinary kind of failure, no undistinguished half-failure, no ignominious slinking out of the bill, accompanied by an absence of paragraph as undignified as it is untheatrical. Mr. Trench has failed in the grand manner. He has always gone down with flags flying and a "chat" in the Sunday paper which deals mainly in futures. Also, he has given his failures every possible chance to succeed, and, in spite of all temptation, has remained an Irishman.

An old piece, an old and mechanical piece, of Sardou's, which had been seen only at a special matinée, was "discovered," translated (and well translated) by a Mr. William Morpeth, given into the hands of an absolutely admirable company, put on to perfection, and called, for no obvious reason, "Above Suspicion." Why Mr. Trench imagined that it contained any of the elements of a popular success it is impossible to understand. It certainly had one very dramatic, very ingenious, and very well constructed Act. In order to arrive there, however, the audience was obliged to sit through three Acts that were dult and boring, and in which there was an amazing number of unintentionally comic moments. It was one of those pieces which the public could not possibly want, especially the sophisticated public of London and the suburbs. The only purpose it served was to give Miss Alexandra Carlisle an opportunity of proving that she is an actress of considerable emotional power. Handicapped as she was with a part marionette-like in its obvious mechanism, Miss Carlisle succeeded in putting into it a good deal of life and humanity. It was an admirable performance, quiet, sincere, interesting, and at times powerful. Mr. Aubrey Smith, as a foolish Judge, had no chance until the last Act, when his dignity and steadiness were altogether invaluable. Mr. C. V. France and Mr. Charles Maude almost persuaded us that they were human beings. They can be awarded no higher praise. Miss Helen Haye and Miss Ellen O'Malley appeared. People are in the habit of saying—it has become almost the thing to say—that such and such plays would not "do" for the Haymarket. One or two more of these translations from the French will inevitably "do" for it. The Haymarket, like all other theatres, has no special public of its own. It attracts playgoers only when its fare is, according to them, worth paying for; otherwise they avoid it. Any attractive play does for the Haymarket just as well and no better than it does for Wyndham's or the Comedy or Prince of Wales's, and then only if it is properly stagemanaged, advertised, and cast.

A Scots play, acted by Scots actors, called "Bunty Pulls the Strings," follows upon the heels of "Above Suspicion"—the absolutely natural rises phænix-like upon the ashes of the utterly mechanical. It is a triumph for Mr. Graham Moffat, author and actor. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is a simple, homely, fresh, delightful piece, the very 'glorification of the commonplace. The scene is laid in the village of Lintiehaugh round about 1860, so that the costumes are, as quaint as the dialect; and what plot there is centres round Tammas Biggar, an elder of the Kirk, his money troubles and his matrimonial entanglements. There is however, very little plot. The charm and delightfulness of the play is arrived at by the wonderful excellence of the character-drawing, the spontaneous fun and pathos of the dialogue, and the long series of rich comedy scenes. The

whole thing is of its kind a gem. It is Barrie without any of his fantasy; Barrie in a simple mood. It is Robert Burns-sober. We should be tempted thoughtlessly to call the piece photography accompanied by the gran.ophone were there not in it an underlying touch of art which raises it to the level of brilliant painting. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is without argument the best and purest comedy seen in London for many a weary year. Mr. Graham Moffat is not only to be congratulated as an author, but as an actor. His performance of Tammas is a thing of joy; so also is that of Miss Kate Moffat as Bunty, who manages everything so cleverly. Indeed, the acting of the whole company is something of a revelation, and is quite equal to that of the Irish players at their best and simplest. Between Scotland and Ireland, England--or at any rate London-cannot hold up its head. Even in this hot weather, at the fag end of an exhausting season, "Bunty Pulls the Strings" should fill the Haymarket for many weeks. To Mr. Cyril Maude is due the honour of having recognised the gifts of Mr. Moffat and his family.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

" ARIADNE IN NAXOS"

On Sunday evening the Poets' Club produced "Ariadne in Naxos," which is the second part of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's recently-published trilogy of God and Man, "The Agonists." Mr. Hewlett does not follow the story of the Odyssey, in which Artemis slays Ariadne with the consent of Dionysus (Bacchus) at Dia before she could reach Athens with Theseus. On the contrary, he takes the current legend, and Ariadne does not meet Dionysus until the moment of her despair at being abandoned by Theseus at Naxos. When Theseus slew the Minotaur, that monster with human body and bull's head, and so freed Athens from the yearly tribute exacted by Crete, he sailed for home, taking Ariadne with him for his bride, for she had assisted him to find his way through the labyrinth in which he fought the fearsome creature. On his homeward voyage Theseus rested at Naxos, an island of magic, in which music is heard in the air, and the fumes as of new wine are borne on the breeze. In "Ariadne in Naxos" Mr. Hewlett, through the medium of fiery and rhetorical verse, once more relates the story of the desertion of Ariadne by Theseus, and of her passionate wooing by Bacchus. To Theseus, who is overcome by the magical influence of the island, appears Dionysus. The latent ambition of war and glory within Theseus is readily ignited by the dissolute and drunken god, the very breath issuing from whose nostrils would conquer a hero of much sterner mould. The new-found bride and Naxos are soon left behind. When Ariadne returns from her libations she is quickly disillusioned by the Cretan maidens, who tell how "the Olympian breathed upon him." Music carried on the wind heralds the approach of Dionysus "to make of her heart Love's wild garden." Filled with fear and despair, Ariadne struggles in vain with the magic which already has so successfully worked its spells upon her unfaithful husband. Her fears, her beseechings, and her fidelity fight a losing battle with the lightnings from those sensuous eyes, and her feeble frame is inflamed by a passionate and destroying love for the beautiful and vicious god. The triumph is but shortlived; the realisation of the immortality of the god and the arrival of news from Athens produce a terrible revulsion of feeling and kindle such a sense of shame that death works a hard, but speedy, retribution.

Mr. Hewlett's play is of literary rather than dramatic interest, and the "Ariadne" suffers because of the length and

moralisings of many of the speeches; some of the verse savours of platitude, and other portions lack lucidity owing to their incoherent expression and absence of rhythmic grace. Nor should the scene be continuous: the transitions of Ariadne through love for Theseus, joy, despair, fear of Dionysus, passionate love, infidelity, and shame to death are so arbitrary and so obviously a part of the story that we rebel. Mr. Godfrey Tearle, who played the part of Dionysus, was a sensuous and seductive figure, out of whose eyes shone the joy of life, and whose mouth betokened the god's appetite for the souls of men; while the Theseus of Mr. Claude King was a picture of martial dignity. Miss Grace Lane exhibited the changing emotions and passions of the unhappy and unfaithful Ariadne as vividly as could be expected. The chorus of Cretan maidens, who play an important part in the tragedy, have speeches which lend themselves to declamation rather than to the conversational style of diction, and require great stage experience and articulative ability. The weakness of this portion of the caste probably accounted for the occasional tedium and lack of cohesion. Their frenzied dance was thoroughly emblematic of the shameless Bacchus and of his passionate and scorching speeches. The reception of the play was exceedingly cordial.

"THE FANTASTICKS" AT THE REHEARSAL THEATRE

The Adelphi Play Society, under the direction of Mr. Maurice Elvey, scored a distinct success on Sunday evening last in their presentation of Edmond Rostand's comedy, "The Fantasticks." Artificial and obviously farcical the situations may be—the same may be said of "The Importance of Being Earnest;" but no ordinary, sensible man can resist, or need wish to resist, the laughter inspired by such clever absurdities. If only the game of cross-purposes, which provides so much material for the stage, were always exploited with so skilful a hand, there would be little reason to complain of lack of amusement in our theatres.

The two old fathers, Bergamin and Pasquin, whose mock opposition to their respective son's and daughter's love-affair incites the young couple to more impassioned declarations than ever-which was precisely the old folks' idea-were made to live before the audience in the persons of Mr. Allan Jeayes and Mr. Cassells Cobb, and the scene where they are caught by the lovers fraternising across the dividing gardenwall, and are therefore compelled suddenly to pretend a violent quarrel, was exceedingly amusing. Mr. Leslie Gordon took the part of Straforel, the brave hired to carry through an abduction of the lovely Sylvette (Miss Irene Clarke), as to the manner born; he looked every inch a villain, and fairly brought the house down with his recital of the various methods of abduction and the charges for same. He and his minions, beautifully permitting themselves to be "pinked" by Percinet, Sylvette's lover, expired (temporarily) in graceful attitudes in the garden which was the scene of their labours; but Straforel, with his last dying effort, manages to present his account, extended on the point of his rapier, to the two amazed and fatherly plotters. It was extremely funny; and so was Percinet's scene with Sylvette, when he begs permission to recite some verses he has composed, and begins proudly: "The Fathers' Feud: A Poem: Book the First." Mr. Maurice Elvey acted with splendid verve as the gallant lover, and Miss Irene Clarke played in the real spirit of comedy, daintily and demurely as the occasion demanded, a part which was by no means easy.

It was perhaps a risky venture to render the play in rhymed couplets, but for once, suggestive as the form is of

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the weary pantomime and its puns, it did not irk the nerves of the listeners. This was doubtless due to the capital enunciation of the actors. When the good Bergamin or Pasquin merely muttered, each word was perfectly audible, and not a spark of the very witty dialogue was lost. Quaint and charming as "The Fantasticks" is, it requires a special care and aptitude to render the peculiar quality of its burlesque, and we can congratulate the Adelphi Play Society on its caste. The audience was enthusiastic, and showed its appreciation heartily.

"THE GREEN ELEPHANT"

Mr. Maurice Baring's comedy deserved a better fate. Charmingly written, with neat and humorous characterisation and a very ingenious plot, it should not have been entrusted to Miss Gertrude Kingston to throw away at the end of the season, with a mere moderate company and rehearsals which were not sufficient to permit her to master her lines. "The Green Elephant" must be added to the long list of good and even brilliant plays which have been sacrificed at the altar of managerial ineptitude. Lady Warburton was a part altogether beyond Miss Kingston's powers. It needed an actress with a sense of character and sufficient sense of humour to know that the part was killed directly it was not played seriously. Miss Kingston's sense of humour is dangerous to all comedy parts, because she laughs at herself and destroys the meaning and intention of the author. She put an entirely different construction upon her lines by appearing to enjoy them. It is not too much to say that, in our opinion, "The Green Elephant" was not seen as it was written on its first performance, and was wholly misunderstood in consequence. If Lady Warburton had been in the efficient hands of Miss Marie Tempest "The Green Elephant" would have lived to a ripe age.

Then, too, the play was not produced well. Many of the movements of the actors were meaningless. The pace was horribly slow. It was conspicuously miscast. Only one actor-Mr. H. de Lange-seemed to have any knowledge of his work, any finish, any of the spirit of light comedy. Mr. Augustin Duncan, who played the Secretary and was really the thief, had his excellent moments, but he was uninteresting-a word which must be applied to all the other members of the company. Miss Darragh is a melodramatic actress. Her intensity and clutching methods were not right for the well-drawn character of Mrs. Motterway, a wellbred, self-indulgent, very pleasant, very foolish, very ordinary youngish society woman. Miss Darragh would have been admirable in "The Worst Woman in London." Mr. Hubert Harben, as the rather irritating husband, Sir Henry Warburton, bored where he should have amused. Wilfred Forster did not suggest the Rupert Harvard of Mr. Baring's imagination for a moment. He seemed to have forced his way into the Warburton's house from one of the Oxford-street linendrapers. Mr. Charles Quartermain as the roystering, but wholly pleasant, Anthony Pollitt was too fretful, too jerky, too nervous, and Miss Marjorie Patterson made the crystal-gazer an unsympathetic instead of a charming and interesting young woman.

It will be seen, then, that the play stood no reasonable chance. Scene after scene was muddled. Clever, natural lines, full of quiet satire and delicious humour, were spoken ignorantly. The ingenuity of the plot was misunderstood, and when the train of powder, so carefully laid down by the author, was fired in the last Act the report, which should have surprised the house, was no louder than that of a match held in the flame of a candle. In Mr. Maurice Baring, however, the stage has one of its most promising recruits. He has a very pretty pen. He has also something which the

majority of our recognised dramatists conspicuously lack a first-hand acquaintance with the people of whom he writes. Beyond these two things he has stagecraft and a sense of the dramatic. It is to be hoped that his next play will fall into more expert hands.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

"L'Art," by Auguste Rodin (Grasset, 6f.), which has just been published, with more than a hundred photographs illustrating the master's finest works and drawings, is of the highest possible interest, as it condenses all Rodin's theories on Art. These pages, collected by the well-known critic Paul Isell, appeared a few months ago serially in La Revue, where they attracted much attention, as the elevated thoughts contained in them are expressed in a very pure, concise, and poetic language. Rodin reveals himself not only as an impassioned lover of his art, but also as a very deep and serene thinker.

According to him, Art consists in thought, in dreams, and these being no longer found in modern life, Art has also disappeared. He makes the following fine confession of faith:—

L'Art c'est la contemplation, c'est le plaisir de l'esprit qui pénêtre la Nature, et y devine l'esprit dont elle est ellemême animée. C'est la joie de l'intelligence qui voit clair dans l'univers, et qui le recrée en l'illuminant de conscience. L'Art c'est la plus sublime mission de l'homme, puisque c'est l'exercice de la pensée qui cherche à comprendre le monde, et à le faire comprendre. . . L'Art c'est encore le goût. C'est, sur tous les objets que façonne l'artiste, le reflet de son cœur.

M. Paul Isell describes Rodin's way of working in his great studio of the Rue de l'Université. Contrarily to some artists, who oblige their models to assume some determined and immovable attitude, Rodin pays his simply to live around him, striking any pose they like, whilst he fixes in some rapid sketches the various and fugitive movements. It is thus that he has been able to familiarise himself to such an extent with all the variations of muscle play, and it is this which gives to his statues that semblance of life and movement which distinguishes them from the works of so many other sculptors.

In a series of wonderful chapters Rodin deals successively with various bases of inspiration, and he even asseverates that for an artist all is fine in Nature, for in Art "only that which possesses character is beautiful." He also considers that that which in Nature is esteemed ugly by the majority is in reality beautiful from an artistic point of view, on account of the "interior truth" which is thus seen to greater advantage.

Il n'y a de laid dans l'Art, que ce qui est sans caractère, c'est à dire qui n'offre aucune vérité extérieure ni intérieure. Est laid dans l'Art ce qui est faux, ce qui est artificiel, ce qui cherche à être joli ou beau au lieu d'être expressif, ce qui est mièvre et précieux, ce qui sourit sans motif et se manière sans raison, ce qui se carre et se cambre sans cause, tout ce qui est sans âme et sans vérité, tout ce qui n'est que parade de beauté et de grâce, tout ce qui ment.

As will be seen from the above quotation Rodin deems that a work of art should above all be expressive; and his idea that in all works of art, and especially in sculpture, beauty is composed of the interior signification contained therein, recurs in the several divisions of his book. Particularly interesting are the pages in which he explains the deep psychological knowledge residing in the execution of a fine bust. And Houdon, the great statuary (1741-1828), provokes in Rodin an unlimited admiration. He even

makes the following declaration referring to the marvellous busts of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Franklin, Diderot, executed by his famous predecessor:—

Le regard c'est la moitié de l'expression pour ce statuaire. A travers les yeux il déchiffrait les âmes, et elles ne gardaient pour lui aucun secret. Aussi point n'est besoin de se demander si ses bustes étaient ressemblants.

In the chapter entitled "La Pensé dans l'Art" Rodin says that the purest works of art are those in which one finds no inadequate expression of forms, lines or colours, but in which, on the contrary, all tends towards thought and soul. On being asked whether he is religious, Rodin makes so beautiful an answer that we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it, so noble and elevated does it appear to us:—

A mon avis la religion est autre chose que le balbutiement d'un credo. C'est le sentiment de tout ce qui est inexpliqué, et sans doute inexplicable dans le monde. C'est l'adoration de la force ignorée qui maintient les lois universelles, et qui conserve le type des êtres; c'est le soupçon de tout ce qui dans la Nature ne tombe pas sous nos sens, de tout l'immense domaine des choses que ni les yeux de notre corps, ni même ceux de notre cospit ne sont capables de voir; c'est encore l'élan de notre conscience vers l'infini, l'éternité, vers la science et l'Amour sans limites, promesses peut-être illusoires, mais qui, dès cette vie, font palpiter notre pensée comme si elle se sentait des ailes.

This fine book will certainly win many admirers in England, for it is not only an ardent apology of Art and Beauty, but it also reveals the priceless spiritual treasures with which perfect artists have endowed humanity. It is especially of interest for those who study Art, as it is full of the most precious advice and confidences; but it also contains for more profane readers a noble lesson of Beauty and Truth.

M. Alfred Bouchinet, who is well known in the literary circles of Paris as the author of a one-Act play in verse, and a delightful comedy written in collaboration with Albert Guinon, both represented at the Odéon, has recently proved himself a novelist whose writings present a real interest. Unlike many other authors who are content to narrate some slight and generally highly improbable episodes, M. Bouchinet devotes himself to unravelling certain important social questions "å l'ordre du jour." Thus, in his latest book, "L'Amour qui Dure" (Louis Conard, 3f. 50c.), he has set himself the task of developing the following thesis:—Conjugal love alone surmounts and overcomes all difficulties, and triumphs over passing sentiments and fancies.

By the opposition of two feminine characters of the most contrary types, M. Bouchinet has been able to draw certain curious psychological deductions. All his personages live, are true, and follow logically the impulsions of their different natures. The only reproach one could formulate is that there is too much repetition of scenes, and that the action would have greatly gained in being more condensed. M. Bouchinet has evidently allowed himself to go to that extreme facility of development common to many cultivated Frenchmen; nevertheless his work is strong and fine.

Louise Gréveaux, the heroine, is perfectly happy with the man she loves, aiding him with his work, and caring for their children; but her unclouded felicity is soon troubled by the arrival of her school friend, the beautiful Alice Sonneville, a coquettish divorcée, who takes pleasure in turning Gréveaux's head, whilst she in turn conceives a violent passion for him. Thanks to a very minute analysis, the author traces the evolution of Louise's sentiments when she becomes aware of her misfortune. At first in her anger and despair she resolves to apply to her unfaithful husband the lex talionis. On the point of doing so, she realises, however, the

utter impossibility of such an act; she is a thoroughly honest woman, whose whole soul revolts at the idea of losing that self-respect which has always been her most cherished possession. She decides more wisely to take refuge near her godmother. Louise pardons her husband, who, already weary of his sentimental experiences with the fair Alice, returns penitently to the straight path. In doing so, he discovers that the only real love, the love that lasts, is that of one's wife, of the mother of one's children; for, as the author very truly says, "she is the guardian of the home and the guardian of the race."

"L'Amour qui Dure" is, in short, a very convinced defence of marriage, and more especially of the bourgeois marriage, founded on deep affection, from which passionate love is, in general, excluded. The author, moreover, insists throughout all his work on the theory—which can be strongly defended—that man is physiologically a polygamist, and that mere physical attraction on his part, once the novelty is worn off, very rarely survives the worries and troubles of his daily life. The only sentiment which can endure, and even progress and develop with the passing of months and years, is that true affection which coming from the husband is founded on respect and trust, and which proceeding from the wife is often blended with a maternal indulgence and even pity for his passing errors and foibles.

MARC LOGÉ.

MUSIC

THERE exists a class of musicians whose minds are so extremely pure that the mere thought of trifling or coquetting with the maiden simplicity of a piece of music shocks them. The word "arrangement" rouses all the Mrs. Grundy in them, and he who wishes to enjoy the humour of a pedant in a passion may safely be advised to mention to one of these musical purists such a ravisher as Tausig or Liszt, those impudent men who dared to lay unclean hands upon Bach's organ pieces and Schubert's songs. He will be astonished at the zeal displayed by certain of the knights who are vowed to the defence of music's chastity. Up to a certain point we can feel with them; we prefer, as a general rule, to hear music in the form intended by the composer: Wagner on the pianoforte and Strauss rendered by a gramophone are abominations to us, no doubt. But there are many exceptions to what should be an elastic rule, and amongst them must certainly be reckoned some of the arrangements for that greatest of instruments, the orchestra, of pieces originally written for that little instrument the pianoforte. Some of them, we say, for grievous errors of judgment have been made in adaptations of this kind. Schubert's Fantasia in C, for instance, gains nothing-it loses much, indeed-by its transference from the pianoforte to the orchestra, and Dvorák's little "Humoreske," which Kreisler turned into so effective a violin piece, was never meant for the military band which affronted our ears with it the other

But London is now enjoying opportunities of hearing some "arrangements" so perfect that the only possible objection to them is that the success may not improbably give rise to a desire in impulsive minds to arrange all Chopin and all Schumann for an orchestra. If a blind person were carried to Covent Garden when "Les Sylphides" and "Le Carnaval" are being danced by the angels who have flown down to us from the Russian heavens, would he not say that, though unable to see those solemn troops and sweet societies, he had never, perhaps, enjoyed so much or understood so well that music of Chopin and Schumann which guides the light footsteps of the ethereal beings? We cannot always

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be hearing M. Paderewski in those nocturnes and valses which we know too well as they are thumped by the thousand thumbs of British boys and girls; we cannot always get Mr. Bauer to play the "Carnaval" to us. And would it not be better to hear these things interpreted by an excellent orchestra according to the entrancing arrangements of MM. Glazounow, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tcherepnin, and their colleagues than as they are essayed by the pianiste of dimmer insight? The wondrous beauty, the intoxicating charm of the ballets designed by MM. Fokine and Bakst, and translated into poetry by their dancers, which are now astonishing and delighting a breathless London, are so all-engrossing, their praises in everybody's mouth, that the contribution of the musicians to it all may be in some danger of being overlooked. Our hats have long ago been taken off before Chopin and Schumann; let us not forget to make obeisance before these admirable Russians who have dealt so delicately, with such infinite love and skill, with the piano music of the masters. It is unnecessary to speak of the arrangement by Berlioz of Weber used for "Le Spectre de la Rose," for that is not new, nor will we do more than refer to the original music composed for some of the ballets by MM. Tcherepnin, Arensky, Borodin, &c., though M. Tcherepnin's "Pavillon d'Armide" is so clever and pleasant that we should like to think it might enter the ordinary orchestral repertory in the form of a "Suite de Danses." We wish to draw special attention to the arrangements of Chopin and Schumann, and hold them up as models of skill and discretion.

It is difficult to think and speak with becoming moderation of this embassy of beauty which Russia has sent us. We would not harbour ungrateful thoughts of the spectacles and the dancers who, in our untutored days, gave us very real pleasure. But when we are in the presence of a great picture how poor a thing is that canvas which the industrious copyist in front of it is covering with paint! The St. Petersburg Ballet, compared with the imitations to which, with a very few exceptions, we have been brought up, is like the "Gioconda" of Leonardo compared with an oleograph of that picture. We can never forget the charming skill of Mlle. Genée, but one swallow cannot teach us what summer may be.

How ignorant most of us have been! What a great deal there was for these Russians to teach us! We thought so when first they bounded upon the stage of the "Coliseum;" and when we saw the Mazurka danced at the Palace Theatre by the companions of Pavlova and Mordkin some of us exclaimed that we had never until then understood fully the meaning of the word "rhythm;" until we saw the protagonists in their dances we did not know that human beings could really be butterflies, or leaves blown about by autumn gales.

When we who had never been to St. Petersburg first saw the whole corps, with its decorations and its discipline, in Paris and at Monte Carlo we learnt that there existed a whole realm of beauty and delight into which we had never been permitted to look. Now that this realm is here, in London, for a moment that is all too brief, we feel that it will be an unforgivable blunder if we do not make the most of it, and learn by heart, if it may be, the lessons of order, harmony, colour, grace which it has to teach.

The beauty of wild, almost savage, energy set in colour, both sombre and flaring—that "Prince Igor" shows; "Armide" is the example of rich tints and fantastic movement; "Cleopatra" teaches us how to tell a story of voluptuousness and tragedy; and if we are allowed to see "L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Scheherazade" London will then know to what lengths magnificence may legitimately be carried on the stage. But the most useful lessons for London are those given by the Chopin and the Schumann ballets.

"Les Sylphides" is the triumph of simplicity. Those exquisite groupings, those aerial movements in that cool, quiet scene! The swooping and shimmering of a flight of swans by a moonlit, wood-fringed pool, with a shepherd by Vandyke looking on, would be a beautiful scene, but "Les Sylphides" is more beautiful still. Even "Armide" seems almost too much like an ordinary ballet after it; almost like "Louise" heard the night after you have been to "Pelléas." "Le Carnaval" is surely the most delicious lesson we have ever had as to the playing of comedy. After that, how shall we bear with the coarse vulgarities to which we are too often treated in the name of "comedy." Will the Russian dancers, by the means of this same "Carnaval," teach London that there is something after all in the ideas which the word "refinement" conveys?

We have heard Russians, habitués of the St. Petersburg opera-house, speak critically, and not always approvingly, of the doings of our enchanting visitors. They say we are "losing our heads" over the ballet. Their knowledge and experience enable them to detect flaws which our blissful ignorance hides from us who are as yet new to the delights which the happy dwellers in St. Petersburg have enjoyed since they were children. But, in spite of these connoisseurs, we cannot help thinking that our enthusiasm is justified, that our admiration will one day be found to have very well illustrated the saying, "Les étrangers sont la posterité contemporaine." We were strangers once, but now we must be regarded as friends. How can we be critical in presence of what is so new and delightful? What Englishman could have believed he would ever be enthralled by the dancing of a mere man when there were female angels—oh, call them not "coryphées"—to look at? Yet we find it hard to take our eyes away from Nijinsky. Only, as we heard a clever lady say the other day, "Nijinsky, when he is on the stage, is not a man, he is half-boy, half-bird." No, we cannot as yet join in any cold strictures. What! Find fault with the Ballet? "On peut nier Dieu, discuter le Pape, dégueuler sur tout . . . mais 'Les Sylphides,' 'Le Carnaval'" . . .

A JAPANESE ON THE POET ROSSETTI

Rossetti had enough philosophy and theory, but what is most interesting in him as a poet, I believe, is not in them but in the very place where they were powerless-I mean the place where, like a light which brings out the shadow, they only appeared to present the other indefinable quality. I am glad his forethought and afterthought did not kill his inspiration. His art tried its utmost to give it the best possible light; and he could not be satisfied, as it seems to me, till he had taken its earthly life and flame out, and made it to be an art perfect after all desires. What we have in him, therefore, is the intensity that has subsided, the ecstasy that has become silent, the hope that has come to its rest. I admire the proud manner with which he soared above the journalism of his own day, which exists, not only to-day but any day, only to trouble the heart of art; however, he made his art, on the other hand, often too uncomfortable to look at simply through over-studied carefulness, and even the saddest sort of zeal, and made us think that the beauty of his song was a confession, not a revelation such as I wish all poetry to be. It was beautiful, of course, when he was right, but in the reverse case he was a lost one, and perfectly unbearable. It is sad that his excessive consciousness turned often to be mere artificiality. I always ask myself, when I read his poems, how long he spent for the distillation of his thought before he finally wrote it; even a poem he wrote on the spot, which was very rare, however, in his case, gives us an impression of great deliberation; this has,

doubtless, some advantage, but often results in weakness. He was one of the most fastidious workers in poetry as he was in painting; it seems to me that he hated nothing more than profusion, and from that great hatred of profusion, made his loam of life asunder to create a simple thing. His simplicity was most beautiful as it had clarified from profusion. However, the life he imagined was not a happy one. He was too absolute in aim; his finding it very hard to satisfy himself is rooted in solitariness. The first thing we feel from reading his work is an uncompromising pride in his art, and the mysterious dash into a world where only a strange intellect knows how to enjoy the material warmth and human softness. It is perfectly outrageous to call him a materialist; he made himself able, through the very virtue of material, to enter straightway into the heart of spirituality; it is more proper to say that he alone found the right meeting ground of spirit and material. He never could think anything spiritual apart from form and colour; the form and colour were divine themselves in his thought. They were at once the symbol of what they represented in spirit; he could not think of them merely as form and colour. He was, in that respect, quite Oriental.

If he had one great fault as a poet, it was that he always knew, too well indeed, what he was going to write; he could never forget himself. I do not think it was from his over consciousness of his critical power; it may be that he could not become so bold to trust only in his impulse, or that his own art, he thought, was not a thing to play with, but to respect with all his heart. His intellect was too noble to forget the imagination; what appeared quite logical and critical in his emotion is not the real part at all.

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I have been for many months now studying with my students in college on Rossetti, starting with his lyrics and almost finishing his sonnets. I found that it was more easy in truth for them to understand him (appreciate too), striking enough to say perhaps, than even Long-fellow of homespun simplicity. It may be from the reason that they are too old to be content with him at an imaginary fireside, or they are too young yet to really appreciate him as they are in the age when spiritual speculation is more attractive. I think that the acclimatisation of Western art and literature of the modern type which has been encouraged here, though not generally, but among the discerning class, made them feel akin to Rossetti already, even before studying him. And the fact that he had a limitation, which was of an Eastern kind, was doubtless a large reason of this immediate reception; as he never tried to conceal his limitation, it always appeared prominently, but, on the other hand, to delight some people (and us) immensely. He is the poet whom we can only love or hate; and we are glad we love him. It is perfectly singular to say that you can at once understand all his work, as if a single piece of poem, when you have once found how his energy worked, what association he sought for evoking emotion; and you will find in him rarely a surprise when the sound, colour, and form have become in mutual relation with you; in fact, you will get from him what you expect. From such a point of view, he is never a great poet.

However, his attitude as a poet is most admirable; and I should say it is not a question with us whether he was a small poet or a big one. Indeed, his attitude makes us respect and think of him perhaps more than he was in fact; what he lacked we will fill at once with imagination, and when he is too perfect our imagination will make him imperfect to advantage, taking its usual free course, and let us feel his fresh beauty; thus he is a gainer in either case. It goes without saying that he was democratic on the one hand; we see only that cosmopolitan side of beauty and emotion, and

allow ourselves to speculate and connect with him a dear friendship. He is one whom we always find easy to approach and interesting to listen to; while listening, we grow very enthusiastic, and are extremely glad thinking that he wrote most beautifully what we often thought and could not find a voice for.

YONE NOGUCHI.

PEARL OF THE ORIENT

Some folk observe that the Americans are not poetical. Poets, however, are usually credited with a fine imagination and wealth of language, and these things the average American possesses in abundance. I admire the American for many things—most of all, I think, for his perfect consistency. There is nothing inconsistent about an American man at least. Whether the majority of American women can plead guilty to this frailty of the sex is beyond my knowledge too.

In the small guide-book I had once given to me, containing an elaborate and highly picturesque account of the delights of Manila, there was presented a beautiful picture of a Filipino woman. The frontispiece of the book bears the talisman "Pearl of the Orient." I fancy this term for his beloved island must have been invented by Rizal, the great Filipino martyr and hero. But the Americans have, in their own words, "taken a cinch of the name," thereby once again evidencing their appreciation of poetical verbiage.

Pearl of the Orient! If it had not been my business to come to Manila I think that name would have drawn me toward the place. It entices and allures; and we do not deny that everything is done in Manila to entice and allure also.

When I first arrived the town was en fête for the Christmas festival. In Manila there must always be something doing, and it must be done to a lively clashing of bands, the flare of trumpets and the roll of big drums. "It is no good doing things quietly and getting overlooked," said an American to me the other day. "We might pass by and you'd not hear us."

They made a blaze of light in the Escolta, where the principal shops are to be found, and they illuminated the bridges; they hung up mottoes, ensigns, and flags, and the result was a pretty Christmassy effect, which was as pleasing, I am sure, to most simple-minded folk as it was to the children—"kids," as the Americans call them.

My first big surprise was when I drove out to the Luneta, the bandstand, promenade, and common ground of meeting in this city. Here were carriages, motor-cars, horsemen and horsewomen-with hardly one exception riding astrideand gaily-dressed men and women on foot. The costumes rather took my breath away at first. After the extreme heat of the day I found the evenings decidedly chilly, but these women apparently felt neither heat nor cold. They walk the street without hats or covering for their heads; they sit about in their carriages or cars in fullest evening dress. In the same costume they walk the streets, or whizz through the air at racing speed on the front seat of trams. I confess I was amazed. Once I asked a Spanish girl if she did not feel the great changes in the temperature trying. "No one bothers in She looked at me wonderingly. Manila," she said, indifferently.

The next thing that struck me on the Luneta was something strange about the carriages. The majority of calesas, rigs, and carromatas were full-sized, and contained full-sized men and women, yet these were drawn in most cases by ponies, or native-bred horses not much bigger than ponies themselves! To see a fairly large carriage drawn by such

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Lilliputian steeds is, to say the least of it, curious. Besides, the magnificence of the equipage is considerably lessened. It looks rather like—if I may say so—"playing at horses and carriages." Of course there are American and Australian horses. The latter do very well in the Philippines. And on the Polo Ground there are some fine specimens of animals.

Most people ride or drive in Manila. The roads alone would discourage much walking exercise, but at the different clubs all kinds of games are practised—tennis, cricket, bowling, swimming, baseball, polo, rowing. . . . And last, but certainly not least, there are the cock-fights.

I have never seen a cock-fight, and I have no intention of doing so at present. I have seen the care expended upon these birds—greater in many cases than that lavished on the owner's children—and I remember the torture the birds must undergo; the cruel termination of this fostering—death, or a victory that will probably lead to death. For, most often, death is the lot of both birds, the victor and the vanquished. That the American Government should recognise this form of gambling seems to me a grave mistake. But the amount of money circulated in this way is enormous, adding, I should imagine, considerably to the revenue of the Islands.

Besides the sporting element in Manila, there is the social, or perhaps it would be more correct to say in conjunction with the sporting element runs the social side of life. Dancing is not a lost art in Manila, whatever it may be in England just now. Dances, dinners, receptions, and garden-parties make up the whirl of weekly events. At all these functions the ladies turn out in costumes worthy of Paris, Vienna, or London in the height of the season. Their attention to fashion and style is really remarkable. At a garden-party a week or so back two English girls were pointed out to me with the remark that any one could see they were just out from home by their dress and style. "When they have been out here a little while they will have learned how to make themselves look smart," declared this Manila-wise youth, sententiously. And although I denied his assertion that English women did not know the first thing about making the best of themselves, I am afraid my championship was somewhat enfeebled by the tiresome memory of the coat-and-skirt type of English tourist met on the Continent and elsewhere to our patriotic dismay. There is no harm in a coat-and-skirt, granted its cut is irreproachable, but-always . . . at all seasons! And there is no harm in a plain linen frock; but the difference between those ready-made robes of questionable cut and the neat tailor-made French and American morning-gowns is notable.

But this is not a fashion article, fortunately, and I return with a sigh of thankfulness to the country roads of Manila. They are bad, in the town and outside. The country itself, however, is pretty, and atones for much. The native huts, or nipa shacks, made of the nipa palm, are quaint and picturesque, if scarcely habitable. Within a certain radius, called the fire zone, and for greater safety, a number of these shacks are slowly being demolished by Government ordinance as they fall into disrepair. So lightly are these dwellings flung together that as many as five and six can be pulled down in a few short hours; it may be readily understood that the danger of a fire in the locality of such flimsily-built huts is very great. Perhaps it is not out of place to mention here that the fire-stations in Manila would excite the enthusiasm of the most hardened pessimist, and their system is decidedly one of the best out East or anywhere in the world.

Living in Manila is very dear, most articles of food being at least double or treble the price quoted in the old days of Spanish occupation. American goods are supposed to come into the Islands duty free, but even so their cost can hardly be called moderate. That the Americans in raising the price of labour and merchandise in the Islands have been seriously mistaken there seems little doubt. It is a matter of general comment at least among the foreigners of this city. Of the policy of the American Government in other matters, of the home life and characteristics of the Spanish and Filipino I make no mention in this paper, but I hope to deal with them under separate headings from time to time.

In concluding, a word of praise must go to the Americans for the many improvements made on the Islands since their occupation: in stamping out disease, in sanitation, in superior lighting, and the fostering of commercial spirit and enterprise. They have had, doubtless, much to contend against, but they have fought through undaunted. Above the watchword of the Spanish—their cry of "Manana!" (to-morrow)—we seem to catch the echo of the American "Right now!" What an anomaly! What a contrast between the rule of these two peoples! But if the Americans have made mistakes in some directions, in others they have taken giant strides, and all honour is due to them for the good achieved.

SYDNEY M. ENGLISH.

FROM THE WASTE-BASKET

THERE is a curious combination of humour and pathos, of smiles and tears, of the surprising and the incredible, in the daily mail of an editor. His sympathies and his risibles are alike appealed to, and his mail often becomes a weariness to the flesh and the spirit. This is partly because of the fact that so many misguided individuals think that they can write if they cannot do anything else. When fortune plays them false, and all other efforts at gaining a livelihood fail, they turn to literature as something that any one can "engage in." Often the motive to write results from a vaulting desire to see one's name in print, or from a wish to attain something beyond one's powers of achievement. Young writers often labour under the delusion that no training is necessary to success in the world of literature. Indeed, nothing is required but pen, ink, and paper. Some aspirants for literary honour and glory are, it is true, not quite sure as to the kind of paper they should use, and editors are requested to enlighten them on this point. Others are in doubt as to what one beginner called the "miner points" of successful writing for the press, and the editor may receive a letter similar to the one received by a New York editor. This letter of inquiry ran as follows :-

Dear Sir: Being about to engage seriously in literachure as my chosen profeshion I write to ask you for a few miner points in regard to writing for the public eye. I am posted as to the main points having already wrote a good deal for the local papers, both Prose and Poetry, but none for the Meteropolitan press. So plese let me know is there any set kind of stationary required? If so what is the size and must it be ruled or just bare? Also must the ink be black or will Violet or green ink be exceptable? I do not have a Preferance for black ink and I think my thoughts flow more freely in green ink. Also answer back and say what kind of writing is most in demand in the Literary Market, as I am in the Market for almost any kind of writing except on Scientifick Subjects or deeply religious ones. Please let me know in a General way what your demands is and I think I can supply them.

The editor to whom this communication was sent might have replied that one of the demands of the literary market is correct spelling, and he might also have added that green or violet ink would be likely to create an unfavourable impression on the average editor. Editors soon discover that aspiring young writers often base their claims to favour on the fact that their grandfathers or great-uncles were writers, and that the unreliable laws of heredity must therefore have handed down the gifts of these departed grandfathers and great-uncles to their descendants. Others have had confidence in their literary ability established by the fact that their essays at school were always "highly spoken of," or "competent critics" had told them that what they had written was quite superior to anything the editor was publishing in his paper.

Most pathetic of all is the case of some person wholly untrained and inexperienced in the art of writing turning to literature as a means of obtaining a livelihood and sending editors letters like the following:—

Dear Sir: Having been thrown entirely on my own resources by the death of my husband, and having three small children to support, I have decided to take up writing as a means of gaining a living, and one from which I can hope to receive the most immediate and the largest income. I have already had some success in writing, having had a number of poems published in our home paper, and one in the "Christian's Friend," for which the editor sent me the paper free of charge for six months. I have always had a fondness for writing, and my friends have often told me that they thought I would be successful as a writer. I have received a prize of one dollar for the best children's saying sent to a New York paper, and have had other successes in the literary field that encourage me to think that I may be able to support myself and my children with my pen. Enclosed find a story for which I would be glad if you would send me ten dollars as soon as possible.

This letter is too pathetic in its hopelessness for the editor even to smile over, although he might indulge in a half-forced laugh over a letter like the following:—

Respected Sir: This is to inform you that I am in the market for all kind of Storys—speshly animal Storys about fites with Bares, Tiggers, lions and hienays. I have a bare story that is a ripper four thousand words long. It is a Tail that your boy readers would appresheate for the boy in it kills the bare after he has killed two men and et them up. Am also in the market for love Storys of a high order with lots of thrill in them. Am just ending one up called "The Pirate Captain's Bride" that lays over anything I ever see in your paper. Can write Potry if dezired but prefer to stick to the Leggitimate in my writing which is Storys. Could send you two a week if dezired. Have some bully ones on hand so plese let me know if I shall send them. Yures with Respect.

Needless to say none of this author's cheerful and aspiring "storys" and none of his "potry" were needed by the editor, thrilling as the "tail" of the "bare" would no doubt have been.

Of poets the number is legion, regardless of the fact that poetry is about as unsaleable a thing as one can offer in the literary market. There is really no more pathetic spectacle than that of a misguided young man or woman starting out in life hoping for support on the returns from poetical outbursts. Here is a specimen of a letter with which editors are not unfamiliar:—

Dear Sir: I have a fairly good position that pays me fifteen dollars a week, but the work is uncongenial and I am anxious to give it up and become a writer, and as I have been told by good judges that I have decided talent, particularly along the line of poetry. I have written more than one hundred poems and have several times been asked to write poems of birthdays, golden weddings etc. Writing poetry comes easy and natural to me, as several of my relatives wrote poetry. I am eager to give up my present uncongenial work and go to Boston or New York, or some other literary center and engage entirely in writing poetry.

Enclosed find several specimen poems which I would be glad to have you print and pay me all you can for them. I think I could write better ones if I were differently situated.

Here is a stanza from one of the "specimen poems:"-

The day is done, the night is here,
The sky grows black as a funeral bier;
Inky darkness reigns without,
The night has come without a doubt,
No stars are in the inky sky,
The night wind moans with gentle sigh,
No moon to light the darksome way,
At home I think I'd better stay.

The editor might have been pardoned had he quoted the last line of the poem as a reply to the young poet's letter. Another would-be poet sends an editor the following poem "as proof of the fact that I am a genuine poet:"—

The spring is here with birds so gay,
I hear them sing their little lay.
The bees and ants so busy are,
Preparing for some glad to-mor'.
The flow'rets bloom in gayest hue,
'Tis Spring! 'Tis Spring for me and you!

Original as "some glad to-mor" may be as a form of literary expression, the editor is compelled to return this flight of poetic fancy with the usual depressing rejection slip.

Letters like the following may be found in editorial wastebaskets:—"If the story I am sending is found to be simply returnable please state wherein it has no merits."

Editors are often asked to state wherein MSS. have "no merits," but it is not often that an editor is asked to state the exact lack of merit in the way suggested in the following letter:—

If my story is returnable, please, before doing so, mark its good points with a red lead pencil, its weak points with a blue pencil, and all that is superfluous with a green pencil, and I would take it as a favor if you would suggest a different plot if you do not like the one on which the story is now built. Also point out defects in punctuation, and give me any advice that you think would be useful to me as an author.

The request in regard to punctuation suggests a letter received by an editor from a writer who said that he was "just coming out" as an author, and, for that reason, he did not know just where to put in the "decimal points." The editor was asked to put them in "in the right spots."

Truly a delightful volume of humour could be made of the contents of editorial waste-baskets.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

DIPLOMACY AND DAILY JOURNALISM

It will, perhaps, be within recollection that at the beginning of this year, shortly after the meeting of the Tsar and the Kaiser at Potsdam, the Daily Telegraph published from its St. Petersburg correspondent a series of sensational despatches, boldly announcing that Russia had been won over to the cause of Germany, and that the Triple Entente was dead and done for. When a journal possessed of high standing gives prominence to statements of this kind, and when, moreover, as is the case of the Daily Telegraph, repeated assurances are given in its leading-article columns and elsewhere that its representative in Russia who is responsible for these statements may be regarded as par-

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ticularly well informed, the general public is naturally induced to place implicit reliance upon their accuracy. It was not surprising, therefore, that the St. Petersburg despatches to which I have alluded should have had the effect of creating widespread and critical attention. If the information they pretended to convey had been truthful, then no one could have complained. A timely warning that Russia had cynically deserted the Triple Entente would have enabled our diplomacy to re-shape its forces preparatory to meeting a new and dangerous situation. But it is now a matter of undisputable fact that, far from being disloyal to her partners, Russia was acting at Potsdam not only with their knowledge but also with their complete acquiescence. Later events in connection with the Morocco incident have proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the Triple Entente remains firm and unshaken. It is difficult to imagine what profitable purpose was served by the pessimistic despatches from the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, save that of purely journalistic enterprise. Their publication at the time, however, wrought not a little injury to the interests of Great Britain, for, containing as they did assertions affecting High Policy, they embarrassed to no slight extent our Foreign Office and created a feeling of uneasiness in Russia which was only dispelled after diplomatic assurances had been forthcoming that no credence was attached in authoritative quarters to such alarmist suggestions. In all the circumstances the Daily Telegraph cannot escape censure for having lent its columns to the dissemination of questionable statements, and it is sincerely to be hoped that in future the management of that journal will deal in a more responsible spirit with so supremely important a question as the balance of European

In order that readers of The Academy may have an opportunity of judging for themselves in the matter, I propose to present a complete summary of the statements that appeared in the Daily Telegraph, together with a narration of the facts as they actually existed. The following extracts from the St. Petersburg despatches under discussion will explain themselves:—

1. To-morrow M. Pichon is expected to deliver a statement setting forth France's commanding position in the world of politics, affirming the vitality of the Alliance, and reiterating Russia's undying friendship for the French people. All that is expected and discounted. Those are not the questions that need answering. Moreover, while sympathising with the Novoye Vremya, which desires a perpetuation of the harmonious political co-operation of France, Russia, and Great Britain, which was so beneficial to Europe during the Moroccan crisis, one cannot blink the obvious fact that M. Iswolsky's services have been dispensed with in deference to Germany's reiterated desire; that the Tsar's visit to Potsdam, and the various circumstances connected with it were the results of his Majesty's acquiescence in articulate demands, and that although Russia will scrupulously observe all her political covenants with France and Great Britain, she has already consented to emasculate the Triple Entente. . Russia, while carrying out her treaty obligations towards France and Great Britain, has definitely withdrawn from the diplomatic and military association known as the Triple Entente. That is the plain fact we have to face, and it cannot be reasoned away by M. Pichon's assertion that the Franco-Russian Entente still subsists, or by Sir Edward Grey's declaration, should he make one, that the Anglo-Russian Agreement will not be departed from. Russia recognises the Entente with England and the Alliance with France, but she has killed the Triple Entente.

The lines of Russia's foreign policy now pass through the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin instead of through the Qui d'Orsay. 3. To the Triple Entente the two Emperors have given a quietus. . . . And this arrangement puts an end to the Triple Entente. . . . Thus the Russo-German agreement has dealt a deadly blow to the Triple Entente. . . . The Mid-Eastern morrow and the passing of the Triple Entente should arouse no surprise.

4. But heretofore there existed not only an Anglo-Russian understanding and a Franco-Russian Alliance, but also a third international entity, composed of all three Powers, and known as the Triple Entente, which confronted the Triple Alliance in the council chamber, and was believed capable, if necessary, of confronting it also on the battle-field. This is the entity which was killed at Potsdam after it had shown its defective and waning vitality during the ordeal of the Balkan crisis of 1908-9. Henceforward Russia will abstain from membership of any international league the object of which is hostility to Germany, and Germany in return will take no part in any coalition against Russia.

Writing in these columns as far back as March 4th, I mentioned that I had just returned from St. Petersburg, and added that I could say with confidence that the national sentiment of Russia was never more favourable towards Great Britain and France than it was then, and that it was the wish of the statesmen who were in power that this national sentiment should continue to find expression in firm and unwavering adherence to the Triple Entente. I went on to make the definite assertion that time alone would show that so far from the Potsdam understanding having dealt a death-blow to the Triple Entente it had revealed at once the vitality and the useful elasticity of that important compact. In an article that appeared a month later in THE ACADEMY I again emphasised the vitality of the Triple Entente, and after presenting facts in support of my case declared that the suggestion of the alarmists that Russia had acted in a manner inimical to our interests was palpably false, and that those critics who prematurely announced the demise of the Triple Entente were effectually rebuked by its very presence, living and robust. Moreover, since then, I have lost no opportunity in reaffirming my belief in the loyalty of Russia towards England and France.

The Morocco incident has finally disposed of all doubts concerning the existence of the Triple Entente as a positive force in the world's diplomacy. An authoritative communiqué issued in Paris on Monday made significant reference to the "vigorous assistance given by Great Britain to France," and added, "Russia on her part has not been sparing in her support. It is stated that on two occasions she made known her complete concurrence in the French point of view." Immediately on receipt of the news that Germany had sent a gunboat to Agadir an exchange of views took place between St. Petersburg and Paris, with the result that Russia immediately addressed to the Berlin Cabinet a request for explanations. According to the Times correspondent at St. Petersburg, answers were sought to the following questions: What was the real object of the despatch of a warship to Agadir, where there was no foreign trade, no German subjects, and no disorders? Did Germany contemplate the landing of troops? How did Germany interpret the phrase "as soon as peace and order have been restored in Morocco," used in the Note to define the term of her warship's mission to Agadir? Meanwhile the Novoe Vremya, the leading newspaper in the Russian capital, and one, moreover, that is frequently inspired officially, urges that since Germany was alarmed about the situation at Agadir the Powers of the Triple Entente-France, Great Britain, and Russia-should each send a warship to help Germany in her self-imposed task. Finally, M. André Mévil, writing in the Echo de Paris, declares that "We may rely entirely upon Russia's help. The Tsar's Government, whose standpoint is already well known, has chosen to make

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its line of conduct clearer still. Thus, M. Nératoff, the Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs, summoned the German Ambassador to his office, and told him that Russia was prepared, in the present circumstances, to back up France with all her might."

In view of all these circumstances, it is interesting once more to recall some of the expressions of opinion and statements of fact contained in the St. Petersburg despatches of the Daily Telegraph as recently as the beginning of this year. Thus, for example, we were told that Russia had definitely withdrawn from the diplomatic and military association known as the Triple Entente, that the lines of Russia's foreign policy now passed through the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, and that henceforward Russia would abstain from membership of any international league the object of which was hostility to Germany. And all these diplomatic catastrophes, so it was said on different days but in quick succession, were due to the circumstances that the Triple Entente had been emasculated, that the Triple Entente had been killed, and that the Triple Entente had been dealt a deadly blow and given a quietus. Swiftly and pointedly came the rebuke of Mr. Pichon, who then held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in France. "Diplomacy," said this eminent statesman, with justifiable but withering sarcasm, "is not conducted in the public streets."

THE COLONIES AND FOREIGN POLICY

The most interesting event of the week is the announcement that the negotiations for a general Arbitration Treaty between America and Great Britain have been successfully concluded. It is now admitted that the provisions of the Treaty must inevitably clash with those of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the suggestion has been made that the time has arrived for raising the questions of the revision and prolongation of the Alliance. The subject is one in which our Colonies are intensely interested. It would be idle to deny that public opinion in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada is in the main opposed to the Japanese and, therefore, to our alliance with the Japanese. The signing of the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty will, however, tend materially to strengthen the weak spots in our diplomatic armour. Although, of course, not designed for the purpose, it must inevitably consolidate Anglo-Saxon interests in the Pacific and effectually check any aggressive ambitions which the Japanese may entertain. It only remains to be added that, as the Colonial Premiers have recently been taken into the confidences of Downing Street, they will realise that an extension of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, though perhaps in a modified form, is necessary to the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe.

MOTORING

The membership of the Automobile Association and Motor Union continues to go up by leaps and bounds. At almost every consecutive meeting of the executive committee the number of candidates for election exceeds that of any previous occasion, and, at the present rate of progression, it seems likely that before long a motor-car unadorned with the familiar A.A. badge will be regarded as a curiosity or an anachronism. At the last committee meeting no fewer than 1,006 new car members were elected, in addition to nearly four hundred motor-cyclists, and among the former were the undermentioned distinguished personalities in the motoring world:—Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, the Earl Desart, Lord Aldenham, Lord Clinton, Baron Anthony de Worms, Lieut.-General Sir R. Wingate, Sir J. W. Hudson,

Bart., Sir A. Thomas, Sir A. Herbert, Sir D. D. Mann, Sir S. Sadler, Sir Ernest C. Cochrane, Bart., Sir E. Lechmere, Bart., Sir F. Mowatt, Sir H. Cunningham, Sir R. Walker, Bart., the Hon. G. H. Morris, the Hon. E. Fowler, the Hon. Cyril A. Ward, Mr. J. H. Hope, M.P., and quite a number of well-known lady-motorists.

On taking a retrospective view of the work of the A.A. since its inception some five or six years ago, and endeavouring to analyse the causes of its phenomenally rapid progress, one is bound to allot a conspicuous place to the Free Legal Defence scheme, inaugurated two or three years ago. When it was first announced that the A.A. committee had determined upon this bold stroke of policy on behalf of its members there were plenty of critics and well-wishers of the Association who confidently prophesied disaster to the organisation if the policy were carried through. It was argued that the possibilities of infringement of the Motor Car Act were so numerous, owing to its multifarious provisions, and the carelessness of a large section of motorists so notorious, that no organisation could undertake free and unlimited legal defence in any part of the country on such a moderate subscription as two guineas a year, which subscription, moreover, was to include very many other advantages and privileges to members. But the critics were wrong. The Free Legal Defence scheme has been consistently adhered to; there has been no necessity to increase the amount of the annual subscription, and the A.A. and M.U. is more prosperous than ever. All of which is a triumphant vindication of the bold and enterprising policy of Stenson Cooke and his confrères.

An interesting proof of the practical value of this Free Legal Defence scheme of the A.A. and M.U. was furnished on the occasion of the recent Naval Review, when a large number of motorists returning from Portsmouth were stopped at Petersfield and charged with committing various offences against the Motor-car Act, principally that of driving with the off-side light out. Twenty-eight of the alleged offenders, being members of the A.A., were defended by the Association's solicitor, and in twenty-three cases the summonses were dismissed, although it had to be admitted by the defence that technical offences had been committed. Had these motorists been unable to avail themselves of the free and expert defence provided by the Association there is little doubt that the offenders would have had to make some more or less substantial contributions to the local exchequer.

No doubt owing principally to the paramount interest aroused by the great aviation competitions during the past week or two, the Prince Henry Tour has been all but ignored by the daily Press. Probably this indifference is also due in some measure to the fact that the competition is in no sense a race, but merely a kind of general reliability trial, in which all that is expected is that the competing cars shall maintain a moderate daily mileage with as few breakdowns as possible. So far the "Tour" has proceeded without a hitch, and it may be of some use in assisting to promote an entente cordiale in quarters where it is rather badly needed just now.

Referring to recent remarks in these columns on the subject of the new six-cylinder Belsize, it is interesting to note that the opinion of the present writer as to the remarkable cheapness of the car is endorsed by one of the experts on the staff of our technical contemporary the *Motor*, after a 500-mile run through some of the counties north of the Thames Valley and a concluding day's run from London to Man-

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chester. Driving the car himself, the expert in question found that it was "absurdly easy of management," and that it possessed all the evenness of torque and sweetness of running associated with the high-class six-cylinder. On top gear the car had a range of speed from about 3 to 45 miles an hour, and gear changes, on the very few occasions when they were found necessary, were made "with great sweetness and in complete silence." Summing up, he remarks that the trial, taken altogether, gave him a very good impression of the sterling quality of Belsize work, and of the excellent behaviour and capabilities of these cars on the road.

The growing partiality of motorists - especially those who may be described as belonging to the better class-for wire wheels instead of those of the artillery type becomes more pronounced year by year. Several of the more important manufacturers now adopt them as the standard fitment for their cars, only fitting the wooden ones when specially ordered, and it is well known that Mr. S. F. Edge, a recognised pioneer in all matters of motor construction, is a firm believer in the all-round superiority of the wire wheel. But while it is now generally recognised that wire wheels are stronger, and therefore safer, than wooden ones, it will surprise many motorists to learn that they have also a very beneficial effect on the life of the tyres. Figures recently published by the Daimler Motor Company appear to establish this fact conclusively. In the hire department of the company referred to experiments have been made with one hundred non-skid covers, half fitted to wire and half to wooden wheels, and careful data have been kept of tyre replacements and repairs. It has been found that the total mileage obtained from the covers taken from the wire wheels was 172,731-an average of 3,454 miles per tyre; from the covers used on the wood wheels. only 102,524 miles were obtained—an average of 2,050. The cars employed in the tests were practically identical, and they were run under exactly similar conditions, so that the case in favour of wire wheels seems to be completely established. If, in addition to being stronger, safer, lighter, and more elegant in appearance than wooden ones, they also effect a material economy in the tyre bill, we may anticipate their general adoption in the near future.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE shock caused by the German diplomatic coup has died down, and even the most rabid Teutonophobe sees that the whole thing must have been settled long ago or the Emperor would never have left Berlin. Whether England has received a proper compensation for her forbearance time will show. The Stock Exchange is all the fresher for the little storm, and Paris is certainly in a much saner mood. But there are stories of trouble in the air, caused, of course, by the steady selling of Consols. The Stock Exchange version seems feasible. It runs that a certain insurance company, finding that its weekly revenue had received a serious check, was compelled to sell out its Consols in order to provide cash for its daily expenses. This sounds all right, but it hardly bears close examination, for the Bankers to this concern would gladly loan all the money needed on the vast board of securities held by the company. Still, that is the tale, and it may be that the officers of the concern prefer to get out of stock instead of borrowing. The bears have

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EYE-WITNESS

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6d. Weekly.

On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents every Thursday.

undoubtedly sold short all the way through, and on Tuesday the selling early in the morning was upon quite a large

The new companies that have appeared seem to fare worse each week. The public absolutely declines to have enything to do with any new issue. Nevertheless, the wealthy people who have invested in the Mond Nickel found the money for the debenture issue readily enough. One or two quite amusing promotions have been offered us, notably a concern called Syrolit, which hopes to turn skim-milk into tortoiseshell, non-inflammable. I am always amused when I am in Naples at the itinerant vendors of tortoiseshell, who offer you a match to test their unburnable combs. Perhaps the art of making combs out of milk is as old as the Romans, and those picturesque boys, whose combs are assuredly not genuine, for they cost but a lira, have preserved the art. It would indeed be pleasant if we could divert the skim milk of the London dairy into a more useful channel than the tea-shop. Many of us have been in a mangrove swamp, and potted at alligators. But no one ever thought of turning mangroves into a limited company until last week, when some philanthropist offered us shares in the Tan Bark and Balata Company. This queerly-named affair intends to acquire a few of the mangrove swamps at the mouth of the Orinoco, and promises over a hundred thousand pounds a year profit. When such silly com-panies can find money to advertise their schemes, surely stands as a portent. The great Mr. Lampard having acquired during the boom a large estate in Sumatra, having spent much money upon it, and having become undecided whether to grow tobacco or rubber, has finally floated it as the Wampoe Tobacco and Rubber. The California-Idaho seems to have got the Adam group in Paris to find money for its scheme. But I doubt if London will follow suit. The Speyer Brothers Rent Charge gave the sober-minded a sound 4 per cent. investment, well secured but none too cheap.

Consols seem to grow weaker as money grows cheaper They are quite out of fashion, but will recover unless some strange thing happens in the political world. It is a thousand pities that Lloyd George, who made so excellent a President of the Board of Trade, should prove such an incompetent Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is the curse of our political system, this putting of round pegs into square holes. He could have saved our credit a severe blow had he only popularised Consols as all of us begged him to do. Now they have fallen to the deepest depths.

Foreigners have shown great courage since the German scare died down, and the Parisians have even been buying their Peru prefs back, but the bull account in London has been reduced, and, as the figures for the half-year are good, new buyers have come in. Russians have not been allowed to fall, not even tales of a war in Montenegro, could scare the stout hearts of the Paris bankers.

HOME RAILS.—It is quite incredible that the public does not buy Home Railways. The half-year has ended and the calculators of dividends are busy. The most pessimistic admits an increase of one half per cent. all round. Brums should yield £4 17s. 6d. per cent. for the year, and the whole of this interest would be received in eight months. Great Westerns will pay one-half per cent. more and yield £4 12s. 5d. The North Eastern yield, without allowing any increase in dividend, will be £4 10s., yet the company has made enough profit to pay an additional 1 per cent. Lancashire and Yorkshire have had a good half-year, and will assuredly pay 5 per cent. on the whole year. Yet they are round par. Midland profits will enable the board to pay one-half per cent. extra, and thus gives a purchaser over 5 per cent. Naturally they are speculative, but very cheap. Great Easterns have had a fine traffic increase, and an increase of one-half per cent. in the dividend might come. They are a good speculation. Great Northern deferred got no distribution this half-year, but they have done well. Great Central will pay in full on the '89 and '91 preferences. I consider these the cheapest purchases on the market. The Southern passenger lines are the favourites of the Stock Exchange. All have done fairly well, especially the South

Eastern and Chatham; Metropolitans and Districts share in the prosperity, and the latter line is especially well managed both financially and from a railway man's point of view.

YANKEES.—There has been more business in the American Market during the past week than in any other section of It almost looks as though the public meant the House. once again to begin to gamble in American Railways. persistence of the big houses in getting some of their stocks listed in Paris has produced an effect on London, for the Frenchman is notoriously cautious. That Atchisons should be dealt in on the Paris Bourse is a hall-mark of respectability. The crop report was not so bad. Oats are a failure, but cotton, corn, and wheat will make up for this. The great heat in America frightened people, and they imagined that it had had much more effect than has actually turned out to be the case. The Southern lines are being bought, especially Little Southerns, for they benefit by the carriage of cotton. It looks as though the whole of the Southern States would have a good year. All the big Yankee houses talk bullish, and although there is nothing more dangerous than to pose as a prophet in the American market I am inclined to think that we shall see a higher level of prices.

RUBBER.—The bears have been scared out of their position by a manipulated rise in the price of rubber. Fine, hardcured Para was marked up 6d., and the sale-rooms followed suit. Whether these prices will hold is most doubtful. The big buyers decline to come in. They say that they only buy from hand-to-mouth. But the Lane is determined, and has been buying heavily the last few days. The "Arbuthnot Relief" Trust report was a scandalous document. Nearly £200,000 has been lost. The company has been managed with great lack of discretion and the board will have to face some nasty questions at the meeting. The public keeps out of the market, and the dealings resolve themselves into a battle between the Lane and the House.

On needs no mention, for the dealings in this maket are Shell and Spies both appear weak, notwithstanding a rise in price in Russian oil. Kerns have been as low as 7s., which seems too cheap. But the company is overburdened with capital, and experts are saying nasty things about the field itself.

KAFFIRS.—The squabble between East Rand and the Cinderella does not look pretty. Albus say that East Rand must pump the Angelo ground at their own expense. This the Farrar group declines to do. It is quite possible that the Transvaal Trust might close down Cinderella until it can connect with the Cason shaft. The decision of the Farrar has not helped the Kaffir market.

RHODESIANS have not been bought, but Chartereds have nevertheless looked each day as though they might go up. Some of the jobbers talk very wildly about the coming boom. I confess that as a pure gamble I like the look of the Rhodesian market better than any other in the House. There are plenty of bears about, and if the Houses could only combine we should see a rise.

MISCELLANEOUS markets have been amused by the way Marconis have jumped. The report is peculiar, like the company itself. We are told to wait until the meeting. The shares appear over-priced.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE "SPECTATOR" AND THE "ENGLISH REVIEW"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,-I crave permission to endorse the statement of Monsieur Dayray, that the fight between the two current ideas of morality

is "nothing less than a war between the spirit of emancipation and the spirit of slavery."

The gist of the whole matter is that the Spectator makes a fictitious defence of morality, whilst the English Review's attitude is a real defence. Why is this? is a real defence. Why is this?
Fundamentally, immorality does not emanate from the mind

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or spirit, but from the body. Humanly speaking, therefore, there is no mental or spiritual ground of morality to construct on, and the Spectator's ideal ground of purity is, as I have said, a fictitious or morally untenable ground. This is not the case with the English Review. This journal's ground of morality is a natural, and therefore a real ground, and as such its sense of what constitutes immorality is real, not ideal. For instance, Mr. Harris hides nothing because he has nothing to hide. In other words, there is no beauty about Mr. Harris's exposure of our lack of natural purity; otherwise, as every sane mortal must admit, it would not constitute a true indictment of morality. On the other hand, the Spectator is so imbued with moral grace as to be practically blind to all other forms of moral wickedness (its own included) except just those forms which its sense of moral grace leads it to discover in the pages of the English Review.

Verily, Puritanism is only an English term for Pharisaism. Surely a nation is not to be made morally clean before it has been cleansed of its moral filth. And how on earth is the moral filth to be swept away if it is always to be hidden, as the Spectator would have it, under spurious ideas of modern purity?

No, Sir, what is really necessary for us is to get rid of our present damning attitude of cant and hypocrisy, and that which will follow will be so surprising that even the awakening force of the English Review (awakening because it has had the courage to expose the Beast) will no longer be required. In fact, every wheel of our national machinery needs attention.—Yours obediently.

H. C. D.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

-I have been a reader of, and occasional contributor to, THE ACADEMY since its beginning in 1870. I write now to say how exceedingly sorry I am that the present managing staff seem to abet one of their contributors in his recent deplorable effusion in the English Review. Some of the previous editors of The Academy never failed to castigate literary lubricity, and the disappearance of a scrofulous novel (which I may nickname "The Harness") was mainly owing to a recent editor of The ACADEMY. Why should not an excellent review that does such service in conserving what is good in politics not join (at least tacitly) with the Spectator in this most serious question of public

A SHOCKED CLERGYMAN.

[When a "scrofulous novel" is submitted to us for review, or a "scrofulous" article offered to us, we shall brand the one as it deserves and return the other. Our reasons for condemning the article which appeared in the *Spectator* of June 10th were fully set forth in our Editorial. The correspondence which has since appeared in that review, coupled with the spasmodic, irrelevant, and wholly inconclusive notes by the Editor, have confirmed us in the view that every word of our article was entirely justified.—Ed. The Academy

PECKSNIFF AND THE "ENGLISH REVIEW"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

-I shall be glad if you will allow me to quote a letter from Mr. G. W. E. Russell with which the Spectator, appropriately enough, ends its controversy with Mr. Harris and the English Review. Its spirit throws a white light upon the personality of Mr. Russell and the attitude towards Art of the Spectator and its supporters in general, and seems to me therefore to deserve a wider circulation. As an example of unfairness and Pecksniffian pomposity (to say the least of it) the letter would be hard to beat. It runs as follows:—

I have been asked to give my opinion on the controversy between the Spectator and the English Review, and I should feel that I was shirking a public duty if I refused to comply. Assuming, as I suppose I may, that the quotations given in your issue of June 10th are accurate, I think that your strictures are absolutely justified.—I am, Sir, &c., GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

Without further comment, I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
H. SAVAGE.

45, Lambton-road, Wimbledon.

THE NECESSITOUS LADIES' HOLIDAY FUND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

Sir,-You were good enough on previous occasions to allow me space in your valuable paper to appeal for contributions to provide holidays by the sea or country side for necessitous ladies.

Through the generosity of your readers I was enabled to bring rest and refreshment to many.

I appeal again for help to send away governesses, typewriters, hospital nurses, secretaries, musicians, actresses, and ladies engaged in other professions, who, unable to provide holidays for themselves and without the possibility of earning money in the summer months, are left behind in London exposed to the sufferings attendant on poverty.

In this happy Coronation year I plead for those too proud to plead for themselves; for the overworked and unfortunate, and

more especially for those broken down in health.

All contributions will be thankfully acknowledged and gratefully distributed by—Your obedient servant,

CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

48, Upper Berkeley-street, W.

"THE ONLY WAY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,-I have read Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett's article "The Only Way," in your issue of July 8th, with interest and surprise. Presumably the author is associated with the Unionist party, and therefore it is only natural to expect him to show his party's policy in its most favourable light; but from careful reading of his advisory epistle to the Unionist Peers, I find his party possesses no constructive policy save that of Tariff Reform, which he regards as being of little value to his party's cause in the possible autumnal General Election. Later (page 38, lines 12-17) Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett proves to his own satisfaction that the passing of the Parliament Bill will leave the Unionist party complete masters of the situation, while in the last eight lines of his article the writer states that when in this position his party will make the Upper House a business-like and representa-tive Chamber, "free from backwoodsmen," and apparently all other evils.

Now, Sir, I contend that the writer's previous advice to the Unionist Peers to pass the Parliament Bill only on the arrival within the Gilded Chamber of the first horde of "the Radical party hacks" is illogical, for he has conclusively shown that the destruction of the Liberal majority in the House of Commons synchronises with the Parliament Bill becoming law.

In conclusion, Sir, I beg to express the opinion that though brighter days may be in store for the Unionist party, their coming will not be hastened either by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's regrettable admissions or contradictory advice.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, P. Litherland Seed.

Royal School of Mines, London, S.W., July 10th, 1911.

A QUERY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What does "intrigue" mean? In "The Severins," by Mrs. A. Sidgwick, p. 156, I read, "It intrigued Mrs. Walsingham."

Does it mean "puzzled"? and if so, why use a French word when we have an English one? When was the word first used in English in this sense? No one out here seems to know it .-

W. F. Howlett. Estcourt, Tane, Eketahuna, N.Z., June 2, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Notes from India" and "Co-Masonry." By George Fleming Moore, Editor of "The New Age." The Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Lowa, California.

Nietzsche et les Théories Biologiques Contemporaines. By Claire Richter. "Mercure de France," Paris. 3f. 50c. The Master of Mrs. Chilvers. An Improbable Comedy imagined

by Jerome K. Jerome. Portrait Frontispiece. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

Britain On and Beyond the Sea, being a Handbook to the Navy League Map of the World. By Cecil H. Crofts, M.A. W. and A. K. Johnston. 1s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

Napoleon and his Coronation. By Frédéric Masson. Translated by Frederic Cobb. Illustrated by Félicien Myrbach. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net. Loretto School, Past and Present. By H. B. Tristram. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

John Dennis, his Life and Criticism.

John Dennis, his Life and Criticism. By H. G. Paul, Ph.D. Columbia University Press. \$1.25.

The Life of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society. with some Notices of his Friends and Contemporaries. By Edward Smith, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

Michel de Montaigne. By Edith Sichel. Constable and Co, 7s. 6d. net.

Selections from the Records of the Madras Government. Dutch Records Nos. 13, 14, and 15. Government Press, Madras. 6s., 3s. 9d., 1s. 3d.

VERSE

Ode on the Coronation of King George V. By William Stigand.

Kegan Paul and Co. 1s. Ellan Vannin. By "Cushag." G. and L. Johnson, Douglas, Isle of Man.

The Poetical Works of Henry Rose. Routledge and Sons. 5s. net.

Bertrud, and Other Dramatic Poems. By the Author of "A Hymn to Dionysus." William Brown, Edinburgh. 7s. 6d.

Poems of Men and Hours. By John Drinkwater. David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.

Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louis How. Sherman, French and Co.,

Boston, U.S.A. \$1.

Views in Verse of Hampstead's Unappreciated Heath. By

"Grammaticus." Myddylton House, Saffron Walden. 3d.

EDUCATIONAL

The Matriculation Directory. No. 58, June 1911. Burlington

House, Cambridge. 1s. net.

Talks About Ourselves. By Viscountess Falmouth. George
Routledge and Sons. 1s. 6d. net.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary. By W. H. and F. G. Fowler. The Clarendon Press, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.

Tom Stapleton, the Boy Scout. By Captain F. S. Brereton.

Blackie and Son. 3s. 6d.

The Long Roll. By Mary Johnston. Constable and Co.

Queed. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Constable and Co. A Girl with a Heart. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands. Ward Lock and Co.

The Glory of Clementina Wing. By William J. Locke. John Lane. 6s.

The Desire of Life. By Matilde Serao. Translated from the Italian by William Collinge, M.A. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. Clive Lorrimer's Marriage. By E. Everett-Green.

Paul and Co. 6s.

Virginia Perfect. By Peggy Webling. Methuen and Co. 1s. net.

PERIODICALS

The Open Window; Constitution Papers; Good Health; Literary Open Window; Constitution Papers; Good Health; Literary Digest; Le Carnet d'Epicure; Revue Mensuelle des Arts de la Table Littéraire, Philosophique et Gourmande; Cambridge University Reporter; Everybody's Story Magazine; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magasine; Boy's Own; Musical Standard; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Modern Language Teaching; Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Indian Royal Chronicle; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Book Buyer; Revue Bleue; La Grande Revue; Windsor Magazine; Pelican Record; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; The Educational Times; The Antiquary; The Bibelot; Blackwood's Magazine; Book Monthly; St. Nicholas; The Vineyard; Harper's Magazine; St. George's Magazine; Ulula; The Parsi, Bombay; The Bodleian; The Scottish Historical Review; The Path, a Theosophical Monthly; L'Œuvre. Monthly; L'Œuvre.

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